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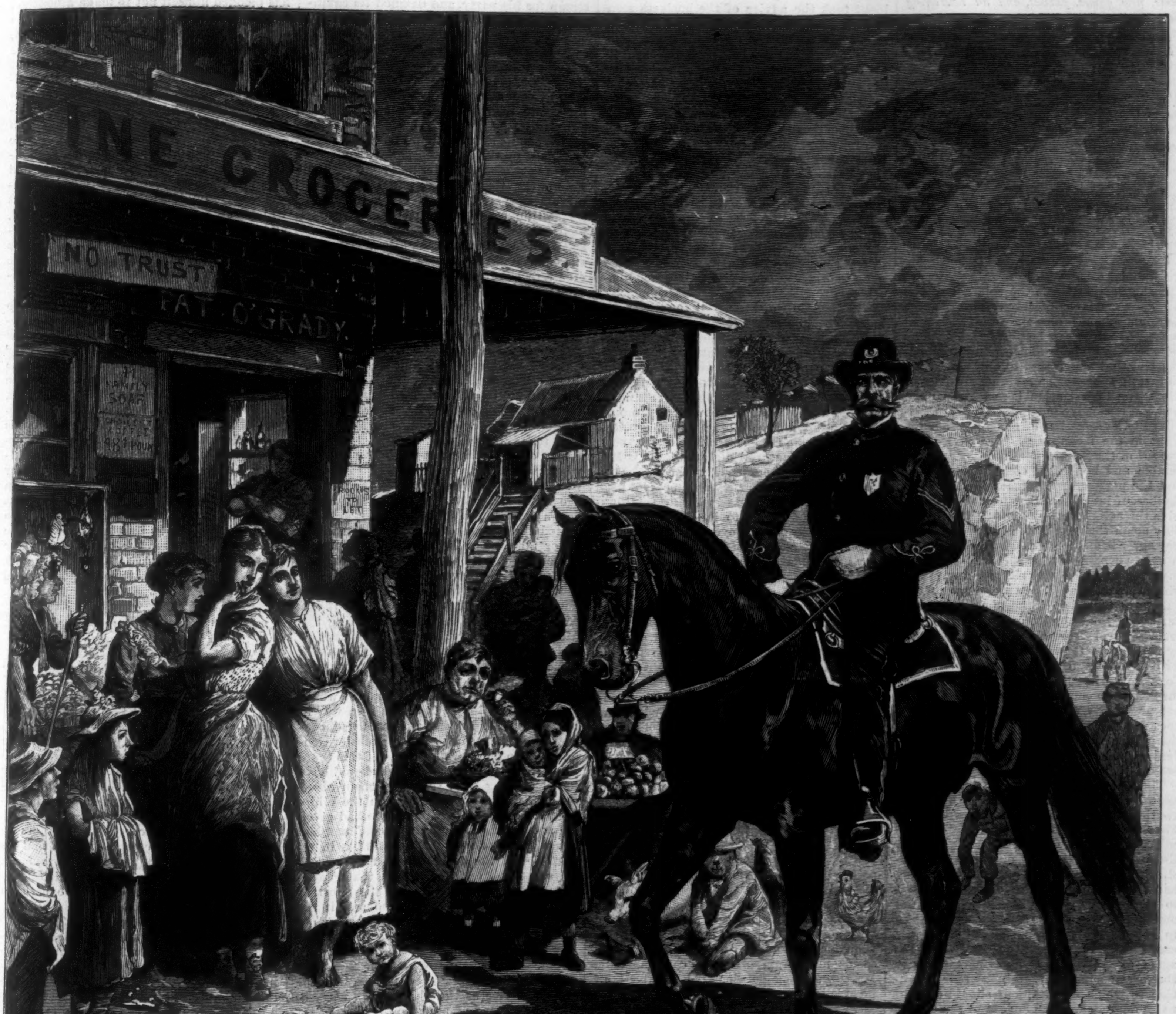


THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN—AN OBJECT OF ARDENT ADMIRATION.—Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 81 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued May 17, contains the second chapter of the new serial, "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" accompanied by a full front-page illustration, and the second chapter of "Susie Kingman's Decision." It also contains "Tom's Carnival," written and illustrated by* FRANK D. MILLET; *an illustrated and very seasonable article on "How to Sail a Small Boat," contributed by a Lieutenant in the Navy. An article by* WILLIAM H. RIDEING *on the manufacture of tin toys; "A Chinese Adventure," a humorous poem, with four illustrations by* PALMER COX; *besides short stories, poems, new games, puzzles, and an interesting Post-office Box.*

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THE second section of the second article of the Constitution provides that the President

"shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint, ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

The judicial constructions of this clause are that the nomination is the sole act of the President, and is completely voluntary; that the appointment is also the act of the President, although it can be performed only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and that appointing to office and commissioning the person appointed are distinct acts. The Constitution here throws upon the chief executive magistrate the responsibility of the selection of executive agents. What is the meaning of "the advice and consent of the Senate"? Can it by any reasonable and honorable construction mean that the personal preferences, the likes and dislikes, of individual Senators, shall determine the action of the Senate? Can it possibly mean that the majority of the Senate may agree in advance that they will reject or refuse to consider any nomination to which any member of the majority, for any reason whatever, objects? Such a course would be a flagrant violation of the plain spirit and purpose of the Constitution. It would be a practical overthrow of the Executive power by paralysis. It would substantially transfer it to one branch of the legislature. The Constitution imposes a moral obligation upon the Senate to confirm a nomination which is not personally unfit or improper, or which does not imperil the public interest, unless the power of removal be denied to the President—a question which is not raised in the present debate.

The late caucus action of the Republican majority of the Senate was in plain contravention of the intent of the Constitution. They agreed that if two Senators "contested" a nomination for any reason whatever, they would refuse to act upon it, and so decline to transact the business for which they had assembled. This action is equivalent to saying that if the President does not nominate such persons as Senators wish him to nominate, his nominations shall not be confirmed. It makes the President the agent of Senators. It leads necessarily to the most corrupt bargaining. It is a position to which no President should consent to be degraded. The Senate of the United States never humiliated itself more than in its recent agreement to obey a single Senator in declining to discharge a plain constitutional duty. It is true that he "contested" a nomination. But for what reason? Because of personal unfitness, or disability, or impropriety, or injury to the public interest? It is not pretended. Because of the displacement of one fit officer by another? Let any Senator answer upon his honor whether he believes that Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING objects to the removal of one competent officer by the appointment of another. There is not a Senator who does not know that if the President had nominated any runner with the present New York machine—Speaker SHARPE, for instance, or JOHN F. SMYTH—to be Collector of New York, there would have been nothing heard from Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING about displacing a competent officer.

But it is said in the New York case that the President announced in his letter of acceptance that he would be governed in his selection of persons for appointment by members of Congress. That is a mistake. He made no such announcement. This is what he said:

"To select wisely from our vast population those who are best fitted for the many offices to be filled, requires an acquaintance far beyond the range of any one man. The Executive should therefore seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice."

The spoilsmen instantly declared that this meant that members of Congress were to nominate. Obviously it means nothing of the kind. It does not, indeed, exclude members of Congress from giving such information as they may possess if the President should ask for it, but it includes the members of the communities in which appointments are to made. It was in strict accordance with the rule laid down in his letter that the President nominated Mr. PEARSON to be Postmaster of New York. The New York Senators and the whole political machine would have urged some politician whom they could use. But the President took the advice of the business men of New York, whose knowledge of the community in which the duties of postmaster were to be performed best qualified them to aid him. He knew that any nomination suggested by the Senators would be part of a political game of their own; and he knew that the recommendation of the business men had no motive but the public interest. The passage which we have quoted from the President's letter implies simply that he will obtain the necessary information in every proper way; and it is perfectly compatible with the view that members of Congress are the least qualified to advise about appointments because of their selfish personal and political interests. The duty of the Executive is to nominate only those persons of whose fitness he has assured himself by the best means at his command. Why, then, do we think that the President has made a mistake? Not because he maintains the rights of the Executive, but because his action shows that he proposes to use patronage as a party weapon. In this he has descended to Mr. CONKLING'S level, and puts himself in the wrong. For if nominations are to be made upon other grounds than the advantage of the public service, they should be made upon Mr. CONKLING'S principle of Senatorial dictation. It is Mr. CONKLING'S methods that we have always opposed, not his extremely unimportant personality. If we are asked whether we think the President ought to let Mr. CONKLING have his own way in everything, we reply that the mistake lies in letting him have his way in this matter in anything. Instead of nominating persons to please or "placate" or "conciliate" or "satisfy" Mr. CONKLING or any other Senator, the President should have nominated them solely because of public considerations, and have thrown upon the Senate the responsibility of rejecting them. If the Senate, to please Mr. CONKLING, chooses to make itself an unconstitutional cabal upon appointments, the President has no remedy. He might withdraw all the nominations pending at any one time, but if the Senate should persist, he would have no option but to make nominations irreproachable upon every ground, and so appeal to the country, which would enthusiastically sustain him.

POLITICAL PUGILISM.

REGARDED as a mere "mill" of partisan politics, which is the machine view, the present contest between the President and Mr. CONKLING leaves the latter in a ludicrous plight. He finds himself confronted by a very much more skillful and powerful arm than his own, and, to use the lingo which seems most appropriate in contemplating Mr. CONKLING'S political performances, his head is in chancery. President HAYES and Mr. EVARTS were in no sense whatever political pugilists, and in dealing with them Mr. CONKLING had his own way. They never pretended to fight. Their friends used to reproach them for quietly lying down and permitting their antagonist to dance war-dances upon them, while the admirers of that gentleman were never weary of celebrating his pre-eminent greatness as displayed in obstructing the confirmation of postmasters and collectors. One of the most energetic friends of President HAYES declared, with a storm of profanity, that the President was strangled with his own lasso of reform. "It catches none of his enemies," he exclaimed, with anguish, "and only suffocates his friends." Those who felt this do not make the same complaint of President GARFIELD. They see him as a political athlete enter the lists, and with one powerful blow knock his antagonist, who has invited the encounter, into—if the expression may be permitted—into a cocked hat.

The situation is this: Long service in Congress and personal observation have enabled General GARFIELD to measure his opponent accurately, and doubtless he understands that the condition of peace with a man who knows only slaves and enemies is to surrender absolutely to his will, as to a spoiled child. But becoming President, General GARFIELD probably regarded Mr. CONKLING as the representative of a part of the party in his State, and decided to aim at "harmony"—perhaps to demonstrate that it was unattainable—by nominating several of his friends. With the same view of harmony, he sought to satisfy the other part of the party by nominating Judge ROBERTSON. As a party man Judge ROBERTSON is a great deal sounder and more "regular" than Senator CONKLING. He has never, like Mr. CONKLING, contemptuously opposed and ridiculed a Republican Administration. He has never, like Mr. CONKLING in the Louisiana case, shirked an official vote upon which the success of the party depended. He has never, like Mr. CONKLING'S candidate for Secretary of the Senate, deserted his own party to support actively a Democrat. He has never, like Mr. CONKLING, taken the stump for his party, and damned its candidate with faint praise. His party contests, unlike Mr. CONKLING'S, have been fair and square, and when he has been beaten within the party, he has honorably acquiesced. He declined, indeed, to acknowledge the instructions of a convention which had no authority to instruct him, and the National Convention of the party declared that he was right, and that Mr. CONKLING was wrong. Measured by the accepted party standards, he is a very much sounder and more regular Republican than Mr. CONKLING. But Mr. CONKLING feared that, if made Collector, Judge ROBERTSON would use his patronage against the CONKLING machine, and he resolved to defeat the nomination. He persuaded his fellow-Senators, to their deep discredit, to confirm the nominations that he approved, and to defer those that he did not. It was a flagrant dereliction of constitutional duty, but the Senate acquiesced. Before the plot could be carried out, however, the President made its accomplishment impossible. He suddenly withdrew the CONKLING nominations, and left the anti-CONKLING nomination alone before the Senate. As a stroke in such a conflict it was unexpected, masterly, and overwhelming, and Mr. CONKLING rolled in the dust.

The contest means, as we intimated last week, "war to the death." The President was evidently willing to divide the patronage with Mr. CONKLING upon the President's terms. Mr. CONKLING virtually rejected the offer, and practically demanded all or none. The President has promptly chosen none. He undoubtedly reasoned—and correctly—that New York would have been lost to the Republicans if he had surrendered to Mr. CONKLING, and that it can be no more than lost by appointing the friends of the Republican Administration instead of the friends of Mr. CONKLING. Some time before the inauguration, we ventured to remind the President-elect that the price of Mr. CONKLING'S support would be the permission to have his own way in New York. If President HAYES had consented to make Mr. PLATT Postmaster-General, and to put the patronage of this State into Mr. CONKLING'S hands, we should have heard nothing from that gentleman about the "infamies" of "that man in the White House." If President GARFIELD had given a few post-offices to "half-breeds," and had taken the pleasure of Mr. CONKLING in regard to all the other offices, there would have been no opposition from that gentleman. But now we presume the effort at "harmony" will be abandoned, and if the Senate still thinks that Mr. CONKLING'S objection ought to lead them to reject nominations, the situation will become complicated. The whole disagreeable spectacle arises from the practice of regarding the public service as the plunder of a party or the perquisites of a faction. This is Mr. CONKLING'S view. To our great regret the President apparently adopted it, and in the scuffle that ensues Mr. CONKLING has been soundly thrashed upon his own ground with his own shillalah.

CLEANING THE STREETS.

MR. R. T. AUCHMUTY, a Republican who will not be suspected of sympathy with any "ring," and a citizen of the highest character and responsibility, writes to the *Times* in favor of the CARPENTER substitute for the citizens street-cleaning bill, and the *Times* supports the substitute as the best attainable. Mr. AUCHMUTY and the *Times* both argue that if there is to be a separate department and a responsible head appointed by the Mayor, with the consent of two members of the Board of Health, and removable by the Mayor with the approval of a majority of the Board of Health, the arrangement ought to be satisfactory, because there is but a slight restraint upon the appointing and removing power. If the Mayor may appoint and remove at pleasure, it is urged, he is really the head of a department, which is not the proper position of a Mayor.

But the important point is responsibility. It was upon this point that the citizens' meetings laid stress, and the CARPENTER substitute merely divides the responsibility. Now the Board of Health is composed, we believe, of Mr. FRENCH, the Police Commissioner, and Dr. SMITH, the Health Officer of the port, with Professors CHANDLER and JANEWAY. Theories as to their probable or possible action are unnecessary, for Mr. FRENCH and Dr. SMITH are devoted adherents of "the ring." But, however they might vote, the responsibility would be lost among six persons, and we are face to face with the familiar difficulty. It is unnecessary, also, to say that the Board of Health would probably confirm Lieutenant GORRINGE. The law is not made for a person, nor for an occasion. And as an offset to this it must be remembered that while we have no adequate assurance what the action of the Board of Health might be, the Mayor has pledged himself not to make a political appointment. Mr. AUCHMUTY says that the Mayor is not properly a responsible head, because he can not be reached until another election. This is true, but if he be "that kind of a man," he could not be trusted evidently to remove an incompetent superintendent of his own appointing. The experiment ought to be once tried of confiding an important municipal work to a responsible agent. The citizens' meeting and the citizens' committee have been very clear and very firm upon that point. Divided responsibility has produced the situation against which the citizens' movement is directed, and the CARPENTER substitute offers divided responsibility as the remedy. This does not seem to us to be very promising, and the difficulty is not removed by saying that probably it will not turn out to be serious.

The Assembly seems to be determined to defeat the wishes of the citizens, and the citizens' committee equally resolved to throw the responsibility upon the Assembly. They do not forget that the CARPENTER substitute is the work of the ring which has been the enemy throughout the contest. Mr. FRENCH, the Police President, has been the chief object of censure, and Mr. CARPENTER is his especial protégé, and one of the most devoted friends of the machine. The committee have an old apprehension. They fear the gift-bearing Greeks. The ring said in the beginning that patronage means votes. It did not mean that the city should be cleaned except upon its own terms, and the question is whether the city should agree that the ring shall have its way, or whether the risk should be taken of opposing it to the end.

THE TROUBLE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE college troubles are not confined to Dartmouth and the University of the City of New York, but they have extended to Cornell University. Professor RUSSEL, the vice-president, and during the absence of President WHITE at Berlin, acting president, has been asked to resign his chair, without reasons offered, and he has resigned, but without any clear understanding of the demand. Professor RUSSEL has been a member of the faculty since the university was opened—about fourteen years since. There appears to have been no other complaint than that his manners were not agreeable to everybody, and his friends are naturally solicitous to understand why he should have been, in effect, peremptorily removed.

Professor RUSSEL is a nephew of Dr. CHANNING, and it was at first said that his religious views were too liberal. But as Cornell University is expressly a non-sectarian institution, this explanation was not received. A letter to the *Times*, however, gives a curious account of the occasion of the removal. The letter states that Mr. SAGE, one of the trustees, and a generous benefactor of the university, is a warm personal friend of Mr. BEECHER, and that Professor RUSSEL'S unwillingness to invite Mr. BEECHER to preach at the university incensed Mr. SAGE so much that he persuaded the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees to ask Professor RUSSEL'S resignation both of his executive office and of his chair of history. The correspondent adds that in conversation with Mr. SAGE that gentleman said, in effect, that it was impossible to "get on" with the professor, and that the best interests of the institution required a separation. President WHITE is reported to have written a very earnest letter against the removal from the professorship, even if the vice-presidency should be relinquished.

The question is, of course, one of university administration, and the public has as yet no official information, and only *ex parte* statement. But the public has an obvious interest in the management of the great schools of learning, and when such detailed and apparently authentic assertions are

published, it can not refuse attention. The cause so circumstantially alleged in the letter of the *Times* is, of course, wholly inadequate for so peremptory an action as the removal of a professor. As acting president, Mr. Russel, and no one of the trustees, had the responsibility of inviting preachers, and if he were strongly opposed to the invitation of any particular clergyman, for reasons which he was ready to avow, difference of opinion on the part of a trustee was no reason for requiring the professor's resignation of his chair. Public confidence in the management of an institution would necessarily be disturbed by such arbitrary conduct in the managing body. We shall await some more reasonable explanation of so summary an act, involving censure upon a gentleman who, so far as has yet appeared, is wholly uncensurable. If the Executive Committee were of opinion that, for reasons not affecting his character, it was desirable to terminate Professor Russel's connection with the university, he should certainly have been apprised of that fact, and the public informed of it, not of right, but of courtesy upon the part of the committee to an old servant of the university, who had given to its welfare the ripest years of his life.

MAHONISM IN MISSOURI.

An ex-Confederate soldier in Missouri writes us that "Mahonism," not as repudiation, but as independence and overthrow of Bourbonism, is "breaking out and ready to break out all over the South." He says that the old middle class in the Southern States, which owned few slaves, and which was kept in thrall by the great slave-holders, furnished the fighting rank and file of the Southern army; but neither during the war, nor since, was this class properly considered by "the aristocrats," who commanded the "courts" of Richmond and Montgomery.

Our correspondent heard Humphrey Marshall, in a speech to a Kentucky cavalry brigade, near Abingdon, in 1864, declare the cause to be lost unless "the fine-haired and kid-gloved young gentlemen" who shirked behind substitutes were forced into the ranks. These gentry, he says, are the leaders of "Yazooism," and "the terrors of the South." It is not the old soldiers, but the indolent youth who shunned service, who have since commanded rifle companies, and harried negroes. There will be "tens of thousands of Mahones" at the next Presidential election, is his confident prediction, and he finds reasons for it in his own State of Missouri.

The great Democratic majority of that State has been reduced. St. Louis, a Democratic city, has elected a Republican government; Kansas City, St. Joseph's, Jefferson City, Warrensburg—indeed, all the chief towns except Sedalia—were carried against the Bourbons. The intelligent citizens see that during ten years of Democratic supremacy nothing has been done for the public schools, "except to tolerate them." There are thousands of Democrats in Missouri, he avers, who are "worn out with this slow coach," and are resolved to have a change. "Mahonism" is mainly this tendency, in his judgment. It is shaking, and it will presently break, the solid South. Then he anticipates the break of the solid Republican party in the North, and the union of the people upon new issues. It is not an unreasonable view, and the tone of the letter in its assertion that the independence of the individual voter is the most important of present questions, is an augury of beneficent change.

FIGHTING GHOSTS.

One of the journals—and the number is very rapidly increasing—which admit that something must be done to stop the evils of personal favoritism in appointments, says impatiently that it does not mean to approve the pedantic method of examining candidates for a customs inspectorship in astronomy and Arabic. Who does? Certainly no sensible person known to us. But what a great many sensible persons do approve is to prevent personal favoritism by two things: first, by ascertaining the general intelligence of all candidates, and their particular knowledge of the duties of the position for which they apply; and second, having found the most generally intelligent applicant, to test his special ability for the position by a trial of six months.

This method effectually destroys personal influence, and brings the most capable persons into the service. Why is it not quite as good a way as taking the word of a boss, or of a ward committee, or of a member of Congress? And in what other way will you destroy personal influence? As a matter of fact, the examinations which are held at the Custom-house and the Post-office are neither impracticable nor pedantic. They test the applicant's general knowledge as a key to his general capacity, and his familiarity with the knowledge required by the position he seeks. But the schedule of questions is very simple. It excludes the grossly ignorant and unfitted applicant, but it requires nothing which any intelligent pupil of the common schools should not know; and the reports show that the successful men have been such pupils, and not the college graduate, the decayed clergyman, and the superannuated school-master, whom the bosses and their heelers profess to fear will encumber the public service.

If anybody really thinks that the minor public service ought not to be the property and perquisite of a few politicians and their parasites, but ought to be opened to the people to whom it belongs, will he consider how it is to be opened to them, except in some way which will prevent those politicians from dictating appointments? And is any way to that end fairer than a free and equal test of all applicants? Let any such inquirer read the recent report from the New York Custom-house to the Secretary of the Treasury, or the admirable report of Mr. Dorman B. Eaton to President Hayes—both of which may be had of the Civil Service Reform Association—and he will see that his fears of examining inspectors in Sanskrit, astronomy, and the calculus are not well founded.

POLITICAL MAGNANIMITY.

There is a certain magnanimity in the attitude of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party in England toward Lord Beaconsfield's memory which is very striking and suggestive. Mr. Gladstone having hastened to offer a public funeral, moves in Parliament, with noble phrases of eulogy, that his rival's great services be commemorated by a memorial in Westminster Abbey. The *Spectator*, the ablest and wisest of Liberal journals, moralizes upon the bold spirit of "the great man who has just left us." His Oriental passivity, the "Asian mystery" which he celebrated, singularly impressing England.

Such eulogies have this advantage, that they impart moderation and just temper into political differences. They lead us to draw the line between censure of political opinions and depreciation of personal character. Practical politics are generally a bull-fight, in which the sole object is to bring the bull down by any means. It is not easy to reconcile the passionate denunciations of political debate with the elegiac compliments that follow an opponent's death.

Lord Beaconsfield's death, in the *Spectator's* phrase, doubtless reduces the stock of genius in England. For many a year he has been a salient and striking figure, and Parliament is the poorer and political life less interesting because of his disappearance. But are his services, is his public character, such as Englishmen wish to honor as of true benefit to England? If the Liberal party were of opinion that his influence was corrupting to the national character—and their press and orators said so while he was living—has it become elevating now that he is dead? Yet it is an amiable trait of human nature which carves so universal a eulogy of the dead, that Charles Lamb's quaint question is justified in every cemetery, "Where be the bad people buried?" There is no doubt that Herman Merivale's lines upon Lord Beaconsfield express the general feeling of his country:

"He, but a few short days ago,
Held in a nation's half mistrust,
Here feared, there followed, lying low
Where all may trample on his dust,
Lies safe, with laurels round his brow,
His party's then, his England's now."

MR. FROUDE'S LAST WORD.

Mr. Froude has written a letter to the London *Times*, which he says shall be his last contribution to the Carlyle controversy. The memoir of Mrs. Carlyle and her letters, Mr. Froude says, were given to him to use at his discretion, and are his personal property, which he will not give up, nor suffer any one to dictate how he shall exercise his discretion. As to the other papers, which he was directed to return to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle whenever he should have done with them, "Mrs. Alexander Carlyle can have them all when she pleases."

It is a most unfortunate difference. The sole question with Mr. Froude was publication or suppression. The *Reminiscences* are wholly personal, and to have attempted to eliminate the personality would have been folly. The manuscript was a record of what Carlyle thought, or, in any case, of what he wrote as his thought, of all kinds of persons. Had it been suppressed, it would have been supposed to be because of its unpublishable character, and that understanding would have whetted public curiosity and stimulated speculation to a morbid degree.

The publication of the book just as it was written—if it be assumed to be a sane and responsible work, of which some question has been raised—has this great advantage, that it enables the reader to measure Carlyle as a historian more accurately. Carlyle's literary work, distinguished from the moral influence and impulse of his genius, was historical. If he were unfitted by nature to see events and judge men with candor and catholicity, the value of his works greatly declines. Whether a man who estimated his contemporaries with such singular limitation of sympathy could judge the men of other times fairly, may certainly be doubted. But in his books Carlyle supplies his own correctives. No man who could admire as he does the father of Frederick the Great could be trusted to describe Washington. The surprise is that the *Reminiscences* should seem to have revealed to the public what most of the author's works reveal. The thing that is not to be expected of Carlyle is justice and proportion. If this shall be learned from the *Reminiscences*, he will be read more wisely hereafter, but with no less admiration for his remarkable power.

THE OYSTER QUESTION.

Now that we have passed from April to May, and the *r* has dropped out of the name of the month, it is possible to consider the oyster question more calmly. For there is an oyster question. An article in a late *Lippincott* announces that we are ruthlessly and recklessly exterminating the oyster, and that it is as necessary to protect that shell-fish as it was to save the scale fish some years since. The preservation of fish has become an important and valuable study, and the facts cited by the friend of the oyster are very significant. Americans do not greatly respect the coppery oyster of England, or its French cousin, but it is the best they have in those countries—"a poor thing, sir, but mine own"—and when the railroads by facilitating transportation increased the demand and destroyed the beds, England and France went diligently to work and restored them.

Our author says substantially that we are trusting to luck, but that luck will not save our stews and fries. The breeching, so to speak, is giving way, and Providence is becoming a doubtful reliance. The Northern oyster beds are exhausted. They are merely forcing-houses for the Virginia oyster, which is our main dependence, and that is now giving out. In 1860 the area of Virginia beds was 1,680,000 acres. In 1870 it had declined to 640,000 acres. The necessity for action is imminent. We have, fortunately, the experience of France and England to aid us; and especially we have Professor Baird.

An oyster famine in this country would be a catastrophe so dire that it can not be contemplated with equanimity. Its possibility was probably unsuspected until the writer in *Lippincott* "rang the alarm-bell in the night" of our ignorance. It will be our own fault if we do not rally to the defense of our peerless esculent.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S ORATORY.

Mr. Jennings in a late letter to the *World* speaks of Lord Beaconsfield's oratory as follows:

"It is now some years since Lord Beaconsfield made any of his great speeches. They were delivered in his days of hard struggle, when he was forcing his way to the front, and when every nerve was strained to secure the victory. His House of Lords speeches have generally been too labored and too 'dignified'; the style was often brilliant, but all the fire had gone out of it. I have heard him deliver speeches in the House of Commons which caused his hearers to exceed all ordinary bounds in their applause, and set even his bitterest political enemies shouting encouragement at the tops of their voices. He was never what is called a great orator, but he had a knack of saying extremely clever things in a very effective manner. His language was incisive and well chosen; his voice clear and musical, though a little thin; his style well suited to what he had to say at the moment. The art of putting things well was one which he had cultivated to the point of absolute perfection. Consequently it was always a pleasure to hear him speak, while it is *not* always a pleasure to hear Mr. Gladstone, who overwhelms his subject, his hearers, and sometimes himself with a vast deluge of sonorous phrases, each one exactly like that which preceded it. Many stilted speeches were made on Mr. Lincoln's assassination, but perhaps no one used language more befitting the peculiar circumstances attending this disaster than Mr. Disraeli when he said: 'In the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and so innocent that it takes the subject out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations, and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind.'"

PERSONAL.

Mr. Cernuschi, the originator of the Money Commission now in full go at Paris, is a Milanese by birth, but by choice a Parisian, where he made his large fortune. He is a man of striking presence, tall, handsome, and very courtly in manner; and to those fine points he adds great generosity, amiability, and hospitality.

—The manner in which the testimony of "experts" in the Cadet Whittaker court-martial has been inordinately spun out recalls a rebuke of Baron Alderson to a famous expert in London, who spoke in the witness-box with an irritating affectation of omniscience: "Be so good, Mr. ——, as not to take upon yourself the functions of both judge and jury."

—Senator Miller, of California, is a nimble man. He went to California from Indiana to practice law, but returned and made some reputation at the bar, and was appointed to the staff of Governor Morton. He was wounded several times during the war, in which he distinguished himself. One of the bullets destroyed his eye, and entered his head, where it remained for twelve years, causing great pain. After the war he held Federal office at San Francisco; afterward went into commerce, and made a fortune.

—The seventh number of Dr. Carnochan's *Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology*, published by Harper & Brothers, contains two illustrations, one showing various litters and modes of conveying the wounded from the field of battle, the other exhibiting certain bones of the late Edwin P. Christy, the originator of negro minstrelsy, who killed himself by jumping from the second story of his dwelling-house into the yard. The fractures causing death are very accurately shown, and the account of the case can not fail to interest the professional reader.

—Mr. Wayman Crow and family, of St. Louis, have built and presented to the School of Art in St. Louis a Museum of Art costing $175,000.

—The results of the recent musical festival at the Seventh Regiment Armory were highly satisfactory to all concerned. The receipts were nearly $80,000, the expenses $72,000, leaving a pleasing balance of $8000. The principal singers were also happy. For her six nights' singing Madame Gerster received $6000; Campanini, $3000; Miss Cary, $1800; Mr. Whitney, $1600. The other solo singers, Mrs. Imogene Brown, Miss Henne, and Messrs. Remmertz, Stoddard, Toedt, Courtney, and Graff, received $5000 between them. For his protracted and arduous services, at rehearsals and as conductor, Dr. Damrosch is put down for about $10,000.

—The Rev. Dr. Edwards, of Chicago, adds bicycling to theology, and whirls himself into town daily from his residence in the suburbs. He is an expert on the apparatus, and next year proposes to make a tour of England upon it.

—The late Émile de Girardin was said to resemble somewhat the first Napoleon, making a point on the historic curl over the forehead. An illustration of his indefatigable nature is furnished by his reply to the question why he did not offer himself for election to the Senate. He answered, "I am not old enough," though his cross of the Legion of Honor dates from 1842.

—Mr. State Senator Gaylord, of Chicopee, Massachusetts, put $50,000 into the Gaylord Manufacturing Company at Chicopee eighteen years ago, and he has taken out of the establishment, from dividends and the final sale of his original stocks, more than $500,000. The Senator now politely bows himself out of the concern, and retires from active business.

—Mr. W. J. Rolfe's edition of Shakspeare's plays, now nearly completed by Harper & Brothers, has attained an almost unprecedented success, about 30,000 of each play having been sold in the United States. The work is about to be put upon the English market, where it has been highly commended by the leading English critics.

—The Baltimore *American*, now in the one-hundred-and-eighth year of its existence, has just appeared in new type. The only occasion which ever necessitated a temporary interruption of its publication was when the editor laid aside his pen and the compositors abandoned their cases to take arms for the defense of Baltimore. It was in the office of the *American*, in September, 1814, a printer's nimble fingers set up the poem which has ever since been known to the world as "The Star-spangled Banner," and the compositor who did it is alive to-day. The same ability that has kept the *American* prominent and prosperous is conspicuous under its present management.

—Mr. Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, alluding to the marriage of the editor of the *Tribune*, says it was solemnized with all the unaffected delicacy, good sense, and good-breeding which worthy people, no matter how rich, are capable of manifesting on such an occasion. Mr. Reid (Mr. Watterson adds) "has had a great success undoubtedly; but those who know him can bear witness to the characteristics which have fairly won him this—to thorough knowledge of the business in which he is engaged; to painstaking work therein; to decency of behavior, fidelity to friendships and engagements; and, in short, to the honorable and courageous staying qualities of a good kinsman, a good fighter, and a good friend."

—The vestry of Calvary Church are still consulting as to a successor to the late Dr. Washburn. The names of Dr. Hall, of Brooklyn, Dr. Brown, of Cleveland, Dr. Courtney, of Chicago, and Dr. Newton, of Boston, have all been mentioned.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway states that he has just received from a friend in Manchester between thirty and forty unpublished letters written by Carlyle, which he will soon publish. They represent nearly every phase of his life from early youth to manhood. In one of them he speaks of going to live in America.

—Mr. Benjamin Fitch, of this city, has just given to the Charity Organization Society of Buffalo property valued at $200,000, to build and endow a "Fitch's Institute," which is to be similar to the Cooper Union in this city. It will include a free reading-room, library, lecture-hall, female training-school, a hospital where persons may be taken who have been injured by street accidents, and a free dispensary. A benevolent institution at Buffalo founded by Mr. Fitch, which has now been in existence for more than a year, and has proved a great success, is the Fitch Crèche, for the care of infants and children. Mothers obliged to go from home to work by the day can leave their children there, and have them taken care of. The ground on which it was erected is valued at $50,000. Mr. Fitch laid the foundation of his large fortune in Buffalo, where for many years he was in the dry-goods business.

—At Keesmet, in Hungary, resides a Jewish couple, Nathan Spunzer and his wife, whose united ages amount to 217 years, the husband being 106 and his wife 111 years old.

—It is rumored at Harvard that the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, in the event of Dr. Peabody's resignation as preacher of the university and Professor of Christian Morals, will be called to the chair which Dr. Peabody has filled for the last twenty-one years. Dr. Peabody has been a large contributor to our current literature, especially on religious subjects, in our leading magazines and reviews. Between the years 1837 and 1859 he contributed sixty papers to the *North American Review*, of which he was editor from April, 1854, to October, 1863.

—The Troy *Times*, one of the ablest and most prosperous journals in the country, has just effected a change in its proprietorship, the senior proprietor, Mr. John M. Francis, retaining control of the interest which he has held from the first issue of the *Times*, nearly thirty years ago. His son, Charles S. Francis, for the past three years city editor of the *Times*, is admitted to partnership with him in the business, as also are William E. Kisselburgh and John A. Sleicher. Mr. Kisselburgh has served on the editorial staff for more than twenty years, and as managing editor since 1873. He has by his unfaltering fidelity and loyalty to the *Times* during all these years, and by the development of rare editorial ability, earned the recognition now awarded him. Mr. Sleicher, starting in the world with the determination to work his way to honorable success, has made his mark as a bright and capable editorial writer, and a most enterprising and industrious business man. He was for several years attached to the editorial staff of the *Times*, and since January, 1877, until a recent period, he has served with great acceptability as agent of the State Associated Press in New York city. Mr. John M. Francis, in his management of the *Times*, has won the respect of his brother editors throughout the country by his sturdy independence and intellectual ability.

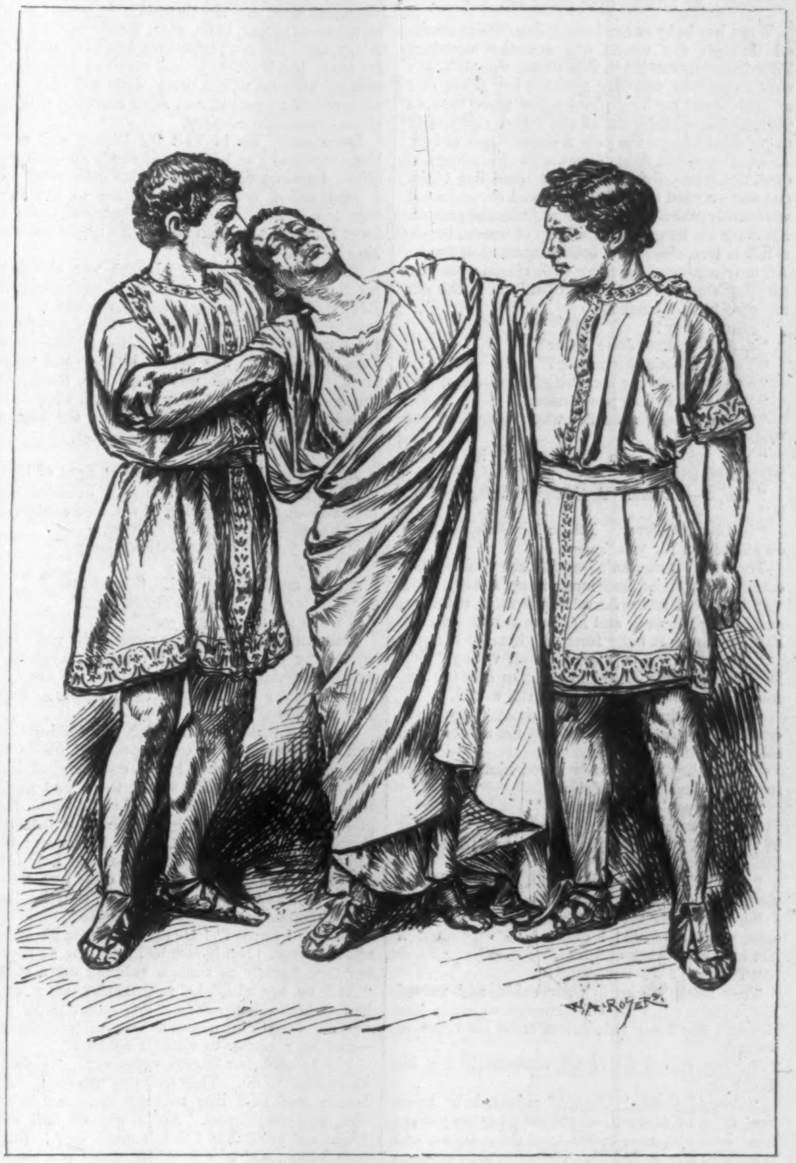
ŒDIPUS AND TIRESIAS.

THE MESSENGER'S STORY.

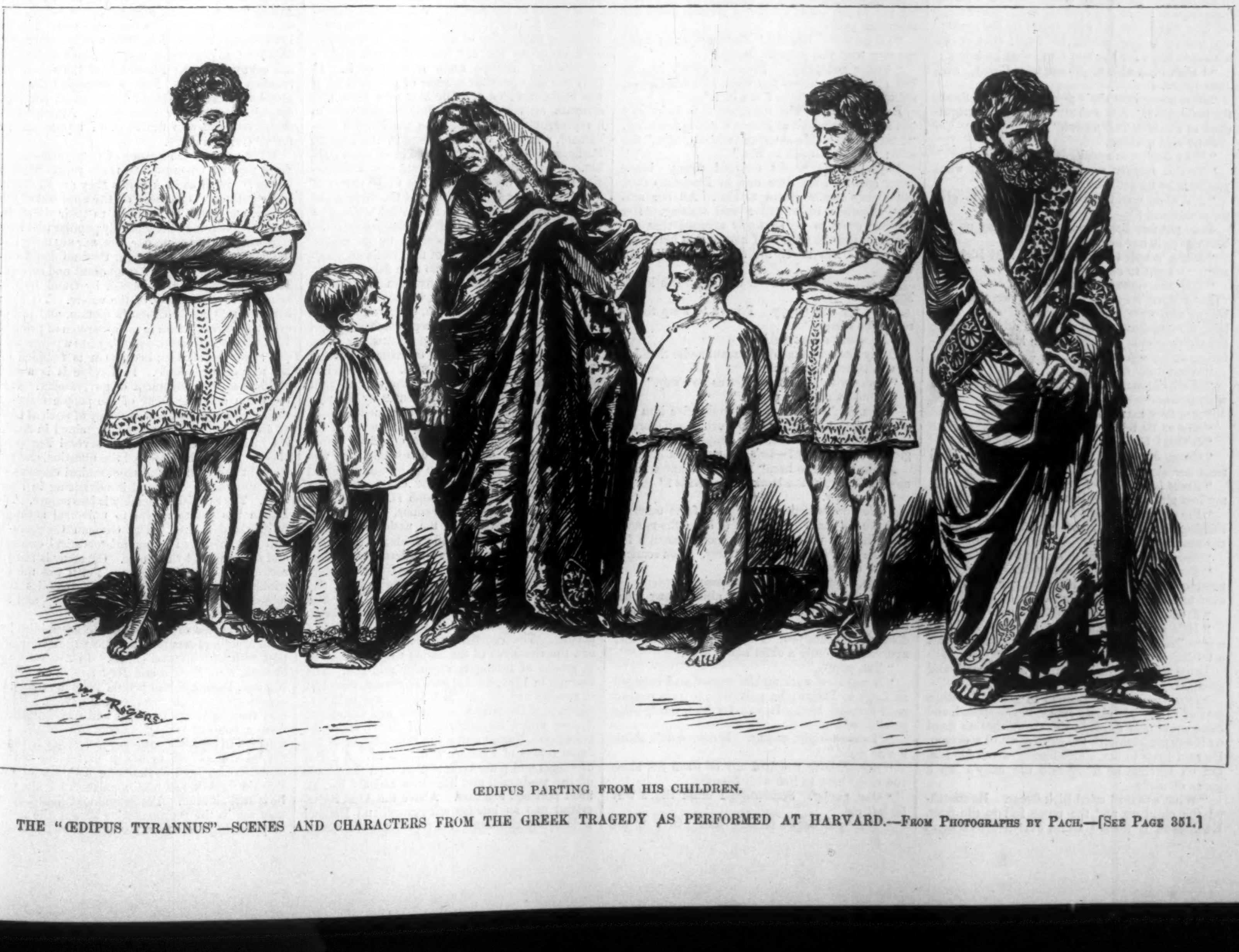
THE EXIT OF CREON.

THE "ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS"—SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDY AS PERFORMED AT HARVARD.—From Photographs by Pach.—[See Page 351.]

THE EXIT OF ŒDIPUS.



THE ENTRANCE OF ŒDIPUS, BLINDED.



ŒDIPUS PARTING FROM HIS CHILDREN.

THE "ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS"—SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDY AS PERFORMED AT HARVARD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 351.]

LAME JERRY.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

WITH her baby at her breast, Jane Oscar strolled through the woods one summer morning. There were memories in this young woman's life that sometimes violently agitated her heart, and at such times nothing pleased her more than to plunge into wild depths of the forest, and forget in physical fatigue the pain it angered her to feel. As she stepped on, fleet of foot, with down-dropped eyes, and arms tight as steel around her child, she was startled by a weakly uttered curse, loosed apparently, like a poisonous odor, from the ground. Pressing on, flung among a heap of weeds, beside a fallen tree, she saw a coiled misshapen figure. An ugly contorted face lay with closed eyes in a piercing sun ray. It had probably been the sun ray that he had cursed.

"Lame Jerry!"

"Jane!—is that Jane Oscar?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"They've done for me, I'm afeared, Jane."

"Who? what? in pity's name."

"Them wild-cat devils who helped t' run Welch's still."

"You told on 'em to Peters?" in a loud frightened whisper.

"Yes, d—n them. And they've killed me for it."

"Mebbe not, Jerry. I'll go for Dick, an' we'll do all we kin for you."

Then with a woman's impulse she took off her cotton dress waist, and hung it on a bush in a way to shield Lame Jerry's eyes from the sun; and hiding her neck and her bare breast with her hair and the soft baby form, she hurried home.

"It was wrong in the boys—all wrong," said Dick Oscar, when Jane had told him how she had found Lame Jerry half dead in the woods.

"Yes, it *was* wrong," said Jane, hotly, "an' cruel too, to treat a man so, just for bein' on the side o' the law."

"Yes; they ought to 'a killed him outright," said Mr. Oscar, thoughtfully.

"Dick! you don't mean it!"

"Come, come, my girl, you've got a soft spot in yo' heart fur sneaks, on account o' yo' sister; but you can't expect *me* to stomach 'em."

"No, no," said Jane, in a dull, low tone; "but you'll be kind to Jerry, won't you?"

"Lord! yes. Why not? But if he gits up agin, poor old devil! I guess he'll wish we'd 'a left him whar we found him."

"That ain't our look-out."

They brought him to their cabin, and nursed him, rudely, but with skill enough to bring him through the fever that set in from his inflamed wounds.

In his raving he called continually for his daughter.

"Cordy! Cordy! Cordy!" repeated in tones that rang, or moaned, or prayed; but no woman bent over him save brown-eyed Jane Oscar, and faithfully she tended him, while the baby screamed from its cradle in fright at the strange rough voice.

A conscious day came, and he called to Jane, "Does Cordy know?"

He looked so pitiful lying there, a stunted humpbacked figure, his eyes big in his gaunt face, his hair white—an old man hated by the mountain people among whom he lived, shaken by nameless fears for the one thing that he loved.

"I ain't been able to git word ter Cordy," said Jane Oscar.

"D'ye know how she's got on, all alone there, the poor child? She was always one to be frightened at shadows and noises."

Jane said nothing.

"Why don't you speak, Jane Oscar?"

"You're mighty weak, Jerry. I don't want you to have no set-back."

"An' what could you tell me, woman, to give me a set-back?"

Jane put her lips together, and taking up her baby, gave it her breast.

"Might 's well tell him, Janey," said Dick Oscar; "it's got to come."

"Tell him yourself, then."

Lame Jerry's eyes glared at the two, the stolid beings who were hiding some awful secret from him, one smoking a cob pipe, the other suckling her child—removed, remote from his terrible suffering as heaven from hell.

"Whar's my daughter?"

"Well, old man," said Dick Oscar, "she's gone with Discoe."

"Are they married?"

"Not as I's heerd tell."

"O God! God! God!"

"Come, Jerry, don't take it so hard. He'll treat her kind."

"*Treat her kind!* I hope he'll kill her! Oh, my lost girl! my little lost Cordy!"

"I'm powerful sorry for you, Jerry," said Jane, shifting her baby comfortably from one arm to the other.

"Keep yo' sorrow till it's asked for."

"You know he *may* marry her," said Dick, putting a fresh coal in his pipe, "if she's pleasant to him; he's a nice man, Discoe is."

"A damned whiskey-drinking devil."

"He's got his faults, but they're the faults of a *man*," said Mr. Oscar, impartially; "and he ain't a tattlin' sneak."

Lame Jerry turned his face to the wall, and groaned.

From that time he seemed to get well with a sort of fury. He rarely spoke, never smiled, and Jane could only guess at the thoughts that fixed on his rugged features the expression of a demon. He said little to her about having saved his life, but on leaving, he flung into the baby's lap a purse of money.

"What's that?" cried Dick Oscar. He snatched the child up, and the purse fell to the floor. He kicked it toward Lame Jerry. "We don't want none of the money you was bought with," said the stern husband of Janey Bleylock.

Lame Jerry did not go back to his now hateful home, but lived on the mountain as simply as a wild beast, hiding from men, indifferent to all things save the set purpose of his life. It was known to but few that he had survived the moonshiners' attempt to kill him. Jane and Dick Oscar were silent people, and news travelled slowly in that mountain country.

Lame Jerry lay in wait for Discoe, and saw him continually as he lounged about his occupations—hunting, fishing, hoeing his little patch of ground, riding down the mountain to join the boys in a frolic. But he never shadowed Cordy's lover as far as his cabin door. He would not see his child until—

The day came at last. Discoe was cleaning his gun in the woods, unarmed, inert, unsuspicious. Behind him, huge and misshapen, the hunchback crawled and coiled and sprang. There was little resistance—the surprise was too complete—and Lame Jerry's arm was nerved by hate and madness. When Discoe was dead, the murderer dragged his body to Caney Fork, and weighting it with rocks, saw it sink beneath the hiding waves. Then he went to his daughter.

"Cordy!"

At the sound of his voice, and at sight of him, the girl fell, screaming. She fully believed her father dead, and being slow of wit, now conceived that his ghost stood in her doorway.

"Don't you know your father, Cordy?"

"You are his spirit."

"No, I am flesh, my girl. Come to me."

"You were killed by Welch's boys."

"I was hurt, but I got well."

Still, incredulity and fear were in the girl's big wandering blue eyes. "If you ain't a ghost," said she, timidly, "taste my soup on the fire."

"No, my girl. I won't taste Discoe's soup. But look here."

He threw himself on the high soft feather-bed, and rising pointed to the impress of his form. She came forward, her hands outstretched, like one who is blind. He seized them, and gazed into her face. Yes, it was the same white, fragile Cordy, not altered by a line or a trace of thought. The same wide, simple blue eyes; the same weak red baby mouth; the light hair falling in a smooth plait; the skin clear and colorless. But was his gaze distracted, that he fancied a change in the slim girl's figure?

"Cordy! Cordy!" He clasped her in his arms, and she wept. But before he kissed her, he wiped her face fiercely as though rubbing off a stain.

"And so, my girl," he said, gently, after they had talked a long while, "you didn't think you was doin' anything wrong to take up with Discoe—and no preacher to make it honest?"

She twisted her fingers nervously. "I didn't know what to do. They said you was dead. An' Discoe said he'd like to have me. An' he's a nice, well-made man. An' I was so dull with fright an' grief that I didn't much care. But I care now. An' he's goin' to marry me, pappy, when—when the baby comes."

"He's a black-hearted devil."

"No, pappy, no. You don't know him 's I do. He's been powerful good to me."

Lame Jerry sat long in Discoe's cabin, affecting not to see Cordy's restless glances down the mountain path.

"I'll go now," he said, "'nless you like t' have me stop with you to-night, Cordy."

"Better not, pappy. Discoe mightn't like it. But I'll tell him about you when he comes home, an' to-morrer you come t' see him."

Her father came with the morrow, to find Cordy but slightly annoyed at Discoe's non-appearance. "I reckon he's off somewhere with the boys," she said; "I ain't no call to fret."

Days passed; weeks dragged along. Lame Jerry spent all his time now in Discoe's cabin, but Cordy rarely spoke to him. All her soul was absorbed in watching and waiting. Her hearing grew to be so finely attuned that she heard all strange sounds of nature that hide from dull ears. But never the sound for which she waited.

"Cordy," said her father one day, "it's lonely here."

"Not for me, pappy. I have to keep things ready for Discoe."

"He won't come, girl."

Cordy smiled—that dim, vacant smile that Jerry was learning to dread.

"Come with me, honey; let us go away."

"I must wait here, pappy."

"You don't feel as if you could give him up, my girl, for me as loves you so much, much more?"

And Cordy answered, very simply, "How can I give him up, pappy?—he's my man, you know."

Again he said to her, "You didn't know I had money, Cordy, in the bank at Nashville?"

"No, pappy."

"I've always kept you different from others," said the old man. "I meant to leave the mountains with you when there was money enough for us to be free. But I had to hurry. You remember the day you was fifteen?"

"Yes, pappy," she said, vacantly.

"You had been strange an' ailin' a long time, and that day you fell down in a fit. I knowed then I must hurry an' git you to the city, whar a doctor could cure you. That wasn't more'n a year ago. You're only a child now, Cordy."

"Yes, pappy."

"It was slow work makin' money, so I engaged as a spy to Peters; he paid well, or government paid through him. It was for you, Cordy—for you."

"'Twasn't right, pappy. Discoe didn't think it was right."

"Honey, have you had any of them fits since you came here to live with Discoe?"

"One, pappy. Sometimes I think that's why he left me."

"Then you ought to hate him. Give up the thoughts of him, child, an' come with me to Nashville. It 'll be pleasant. We'll have a pretty little house, not a rough log-cabin. An' I'll hire a woman to do all the work. You sha'n't soil your little hands, my girl; and I'll buy you ribbons and such gowns as city girls wear—blue and pink. An' I'll get a buggy an' take you drivin' every day like a lady. Won't you come, my girl?"

"No, pappy; I have to stay here. My man will be back soon, an' he'll want Cordy."

And to every attack or entreaty Cordy returned the same unmoved answer. Once he threatened her. But at his tone of force and rough authority she fell in the dreadful convulsions that maddened him and shook her reason. After that he was always gentle with her.

One day a travelling preacher stopped at the cabin and asked to stay all night. When Cordy learned who he was, an unwonted excitement took possession of her.

She called her father apart.

"Discoe said he'd marry me the first time a preacher come this way," she whispered, her light eyes shining. "P'r'aps he has sent this one."

"No, no, my girl; don't think it."

"But I will think it," she said, shrilly, and springing toward the stranger. "Mister, did my man send you? and will he come after you soon?"

The stranger stared.

"Don't mind her," said Lame Jerry, roughly. "Her man left her, and she ain't been right in her wits since."

Looking from one to the other, Cordy burst into a low laugh.

"I see; Discoe wants to surprise me. But never mind. I'll be ready."

As the sun went down she dressed herself in a white dress, and braided her smooth thick hair. Then with a smile she sat watching by the window. Ah! it was a sight for God to pity! The young unrested head, the eagerness of the sharpened face, and defined against the rough walls the most pathetic shape of one soon to become a mother, with Shame and Despair for her furious handmaidens.

After this he hoped no more. A little later, in a driving storm, he plunged down the mountain to find Jane Oscar and bring her to his child. At the wild midnight hour a babe was laid on Cordy's piteous young breast; both breathed faintly until the rising of the sun, when their souls went out together. And Lame Jerry was left to live with his money—and his memories.

REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLIES: 1781—1881.

"BELIEVE me," said, in 1850, Cavour, the founder of a new Italy, "the most inferior chamber of representatives is preferable to the most brilliant imperial anteroom." The Italian statesman spoke the leading political thought of the modern age. The representative assembly and popular representation have everywhere, except in Russia, supplanted the servile instruments of despotism; nations have at last proclaimed themselves free. But in 1781 there was everywhere government by the servants of princes, and no hope for the servants of the people. Washington, deserted by half his army, seemed exposed to the overwhelming superiority of his foe, and in Washington's camp lay the last hope of representative government. Europe knew nothing of it. In 1781 the only possible scheme of government, it was thought, was a despotic king or a fierce and arrogant aristocracy. The only resemblance to a representative assembly was the English Parliament, and nearly all the seats in the English Parliament were bought and sold in an open market. On the Continent there was only a succession of intense despotisms. The whole theory of government was supposed to lie in the intrigues of an "imperial anteroom" (to use Cavour's words), a profligate court, and the will of a despotic master.

Europe in 1781 was governed by its courts. Prussia, the central power of the Continent, obeyed the great Frederick, and no man dared to question the right of the Hohenzollern to drag his people into fierce wars, to tax, waylay, and oppress them, throw them into prison, or drive them into exile. The notion of popular representation would have seemed to the savage despot a dream, a fable, of which the author should be hanged, and his followers whipped through Berlin. A speech like one of Lasker's, or even Falk's, the very thought of a free discussion of his measures by the people, of any check upon his unrestrained authority, would have made Frederick the terror of his subjects, and they would have crouched before him like sheep. The power of a single ruler was never more conspicuous than in bleeding, wasted Prussia. Austria obeyed the court of Vienna with servile reverence. Joseph II. aroused only alarm by his peculiar innovations. The Netherlands were in revolt, but the nation sank back into utter subservience, and the idea of a popular representation was unknown to Germany. Every petty prince was a despot, and the free cities were only intolerant aristocracies. Spain, Italy, and France were ruled in the same way. Their fate—the fate of thirty or forty millions of miserable people—was decided in the antechambers of princes. The courtiers governed the monarch, and the resources of the nation were squandered in scenes of profligate splendor and riot. The Italians in 1781, divided and depressed, were lost in poverty and decay. It is almost impossible to conceive of the intense corruption and vileness of Venice under its oligarchy, of Rome under its priesthood, Naples under the Bourbons, or of the ducal courts of Florence and Modena. A series of odious and petty tyrants plundered the people of the peninsula, and literature and art had almost perished together. Above the Alps, Switzerland was an intense aristocracy, and Holland a decaying kingdom. No representative assembly met in all Europe that was really the choice of the people. In France the despotism of the hour had risen to its height, and the graceful, imprudent Marie Antoinette, with her coterie of profligate courtiers, governed the starving people with a severity that seemed almost madness. No one had come to France under happier auspices than the proud, despotic queen. She entered Paris amidst the applause of the multitude, and might have reigned the benefactress of the people. But soon, unsteady and impulsive, she sank into an excess of dissipation, surrounded herself with the profligate and the gay, gamed sometimes until five o'clock in the morning, meddled in politics, governed her weak husband, appointed and deposed ministers, and was the real ruler of France in the moment of its distress and despair.

Across the ocean in 1781 a very different political scene was witnessed. In all the American colonies representative assemblies met to discuss the wants of the people, and decide in grave debates the political measures of the hour. No queens, painted and meretricious, no courtiers, servile, corrupt, and malicious, guided the politics of Massachusetts or Virginia. The common intelligence of the people ruled. The wants of the whole community were consulted. The Legislatures were patriotic, and free discussion opened the way to future progress. The legislators of 1781 had their faults, and were men, but they haunted no anteroom of princes, and thought and acted for themselves. From the peace of 1783 the progress of representative assemblies has been rapid and constant. Europe has yielded to the example of America, and the Legislatures of New York and Massachusetts and the Congress of Philadelphia have been imitated in every European state but one. The French Revolution began with its popular assemblies, and closed with the ruin of those who had striven to silence the voice of the people. Napoleon, its frightful offspring, left behind some results of real value. Soon—in 1830—the representative assemblies of France and England were purified and reformed. In 1848, Germany had its first congress of the people. Italy, Spain, and Austria have followed the American example. Servia and Roumania elect their popular assemblies by universal suffrage; and a House of Representatives meets under the shadow of the Acropolis and beside the Forum of Rome.

These representative assemblies form the world's great debating societies, the means of expressing thought. They are usually controlled only by the common rules of politeness, and are guided by the usages of daily life. It is not often that in the German Chambers or an American Legislature any unusual severity is required to restrain the passions of its members; they rise, they subside, at the will of their own officials, and politeness is a marked trait of their proceedings. It is seldom that so violent a remedy for insubordination is required in any of them as was that recently applied by M. Gambetta in the French Assembly, or by Mr. Gladstone in the British Parliament. It is the characteristic of the representative assembly that it soon learns the necessity of good order, and teaches it. They all resemble each other in a gradual education of their members to a certain tolerance for each other's opinions. The German Parliament and the American Congress are agitated by the same mental conflicts, and tend to the same end. But in 1781, except in America, there was nowhere any field for free discussion, and the real meaning of the contest was the liberation of the mind, the freedom of the will. Europe demanded the suppression of the principle of free speech; America defended its popular assemblies. America has conquered, and won the right of representation for all civilized races.

What power or assurance of permanence have these popular governments, these representative bodies? With us in America they are supreme. Their authority is founded on the approval of the people, and there is no limit to their duration. They have become so thoroughly popular that they represent neither caste nor sect, nor anything but the common will. Imperfect they no doubt often are, and sometimes even ignorant and corrupt. There are Legislatures chosen by fraud, by violence, or by a minority of the voters. Yet even here we may apply Cavour's dictum, and prefer even the worst of them to the anteroom of princes. With us the legislative assembly has a power that can never be shaken, because it is founded on the will of the people. In Europe it is a new and less stable instrument of government. It is too often only the party of the people claiming their rights against an aristocracy of ancient power and fame. The contest determined in America in 1781 is still raging in several European states. France has decided the question, and put to flight the clerical and monarchical enemies of free discussion. England is advancing in liberality. The Spanish Assembly is less secure. The Italian has yet to aspire to universal suffrage. Switzerland is free. The German Congress is still overshadowed by an aristocratical element, and surrounded by enemies. Germany is not yet secure in its popular rights. Yet it was the patriotism of the representative assemblies that joined together all the Germans in 1870, and the victory was won by a united people.

The progress of representative assemblies has been rapid and secure. Nations will never again part with their natural rights. In Australia and Canada, New Mexico and New Zealand, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the people meet annually, by deputies, to consult together and govern. Wherever they come the congress and the legislatures form a bond of lasting union. As yet they are confined to separate nationalities. They have not yet been employed to soften or remove national differences, and obviate the necessity of war. Private warfare has been abolished, but the public is still allowed. Yet sanguine philanthropists may see in the representative system the means of providing for the settlement of national dis-

putes by a general meeting of the congress of nations. It would be easy for France, Germany, Italy, and Spain to unite in submission to a common representative assembly, should their people demand it. The people, when educated, hate war, for on them fall all its sorrows and its burdens. It would not be difficult for the people of Europe, "in congress assembled," to demand and enforce universal peace, and the sums now squandered on arms and armies might bring plenty to the cottage of the poor, and stimulate all the channels of industry.

Such is the happy dream of peace that began with the fall of Yorktown, and has insured a century of progress. Will it need another century to create a congress of Europeans? It is a question that must depend for its answer upon the growth of knowledge and the discretion of the people. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HER BIRTHDAY.

SHE blushed as she stood at my side,
Most modest and sweetest of misses,
And said, 'twixt a smile and a sigh,
"Do you really forget what day this is?"

It wasn't the Fourth of July,
Nor the twenty-fifth day of December,
Nor the first of April, and so
I vowed that I couldn't remember.

"Why, this is my birthday, sir,"
She pouted. And, like Ulysses,
I sprang to duty at once,
Nor counted the number of kisses.

"'Tis more than enough," she cried,
With merriest prohibition.
"Dear girl," I at once replied,
"We'll prove it by Long Division."

But if, I am free to say,
This modest and sweetest of misses
Had more than one birthday a year,
There'd soon be a corner in kisses.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

VERY FINE IDEAS.

FILIAL duty was her strongest point, and she could not bear to ask for money. Her father also, being light of cash, and a man of rather lofty temperament, took a large and distant view of the things belonging to the outward female, and too often absorbing the inward one. Now and again he would give her a bit of something to match with her sweet pretty self, and he praised the results of her own handiwork; but a good round sum, to go to Exeter and sit down with on one of those wondrous high shop-stools, was not beyond his compass only, but wholly in the absent distance of unformed ideas. The subject demands even less to be touched with extremest reservation, than to be run away from, by people who have not studied it. And the safest thing is to quote feminine verdict in a question for female jury.

"Lor a' mussy!" Mrs. Pugsley cried, when the young lady went through a process of careening, after the accident at Moreton; "Tim, her hathn't got a hook and eye about her."

Husbands in a great degree, fathers in a greater one, are well content with their own contentment, the which is a saving virtue. "Gewgaws utterly spoil your appearance," they declare right nobly; "take my word for it, my darling, that nothing could improve you." But the darling likes to take other words as well, and is reasonable in doing so, while they all despise extravagance.

"Father has stumped up a five-pound note. I knew where it was, and I gave him no peace," said Spotty to Rose, while there yet was time to make up things, if you could only get them. "What do you think I said to him, dear, when he took the key out of his box with a bang? And I knew very well who put him up to it. She is in such a way about not being asked, that I only get cheese-rinds for supper ever since. I said: 'Very well; it is no concern of mine. I don't care twopence how I look. I shall go with Dicky Touchwood's bandages on. They come from the valends of the broken-down bedstead. And there is quite a beautiful fringe to them. Starched up and pleated, they will look quite grand. And perhaps Master Dicky will not recognize them. If he does, he will know they are paid for.' I wish you could have seen my dear parent's face. But I am very glad you did not hear what he said. How much is the Captain going to stump up?"

"My father has a very large mind," said Rose, who could not help laughing, though sadly shocked; "I should never dream of speaking to him in such a manner."

"They have all got large minds, to save their pockets," answered the impious Sporetta; "but you can't go in anything you have got. Tell the Captain you will go with your night-gown on."

"Miss Perperaps, if you talk so coarsely, I shall decline to go with you."

"Very well. Go in sackcloth and ashes. I will sit on the box, and leave you all the inside. That stuck-up Julia will be delighted to see you look a perfect fright. She knows you are ten times prettier than she is. And she is after some young fellow, who dotes on you. "Oh my! Wouldn't I try to cut her out, if the Lord had made me handsome?"

Miss Arthur did her utmost to repel such low ideas, and she would not even deign to ask about any gentleman called "a young fellow." Without any arrogance, and purely from her own distinct ideas of right and wrong—which came down, in questions of behavior, to be called good manners and bad manners—she had found that Spotty Perperaps did not suit her. And no low taunts about being a frump or a dowdy had any effect upon her mind, whenever she brought it up strictly to the question.

"Come down, Rosie; here is a box for you," her father shouted up the stairs one day, when she was doing Arachnoid work in the quarters of a Sunday frock that suffer most from piety. "Tenpence to pay, and you to pay it; and Master Pugsley vows that he can't afford to book it. Hunt up your purse, and come down and pay, if you will do things so recklessly."

"I have not got tenpence in the world," cried Rose. "How very unkind it is of people! It must be the old books I left behind; and I am sure they are not worth tenpence. But I have got fourpence, if you can only manage to lend me sixpence till next time."

"What a fine expression!" Mr. Arthur answered, looking up the stairs impatiently; for he enjoyed, like a child, the assault of pleasure. "When will next time be? Come down, and have it out with the carrier."

"Niver you be in a hoory, missy," Pugsley advised in his leisurely way. "I be allays in a hoory, and my life gooth out o' me by rason of dooty, but you be young. It's Pugsley here, and Pugsley there, till there bain't a button of me left to answer. Lor, if I wor to go and cut a cord like that—wutt be you about, Miss Rosie? There have been gunpooder at the tail of Teddy."

"That makes him go so fast, I suppose," said Rosie, who was getting much excited by this time. "My scissors won't go through this cord. I am not going to pay tenpence for nothing; and you may take it back, and try to get twenty pence, at the other end. That is the law of it about letters."

"Her dothn't know nort about the law, no more nor I do. Please to pay up the tenpence, missy. I be vast to-day, I be." The carrier favored the Captain with a wink.

"The only way you can be fast," she answered, "is when you stick fast, as you did the other day. What makes you in such a dreadful hurry now? You shall have the tenpence, if the things are worth it."

"Many's the time it hath been my lot," Master Pugsley went on, heavily, "to carr' tuppence-worth, and have to ax tew shillin'—presents and sich like, from rich folk to poor ones. But carryer must have's money, all the zame, whether a' bringeth good vally or no. Please goo and vetch the tenpence, missy. Teddy can't baide no longer."

"I never knew you show such a mean, avaricious spirit. Oh, I beg your pardon, heartily and humbly. I had no idea that you could play a part so well."

Master Pugsley exploded, as none can explode but a Devonshire man who has corked himself down, and corded his cork, on a joke of his own brewing, mellow, well-seasoned, and full of body. "Wull 'e strike agin paying the tenpence now?" he asked, with the tears of laughter reddening on his cheeks from the purple ground they ran upon, though a fine sense of humor would have scarcely bred a smile out of that common material, surprise. But Rose, instead of joining in his laugh, was hard put not to burst into tears; such a power of shame arose through her delight, because she had been cross at pure kindness.

"I am very sorry—it was all your fault. I never saw anything so lovely in my life. Oh, father, you must have spent a hundred pounds! I don't deserve a thread of it. Do let them take it back. It is only fit for some great Princess."

"It is fit for you, my child, and you for it. Or, at any rate, I hope the things will fit you. I had not the least idea, in my stupid way, that you were so badly off for clothes. But good Mrs. Pugsley has enlightened me, and your kind mistress has done the rest. So now run away. Let Moggy take the box up, and by-and-by come and show me how you look."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

NEARLY six months ago the French government resolved to hold an exhibition of all the arts and appliances connected with electricity. This branch of science, so new, so modern, so well destined to make the fortune of the twentieth century, as steam has been to make the triumph of our age, has never yet had an exhibition all to itself.

The place will be the Palais de l'Industrie, the time when the exhibition opens is the 1st of August. The head of the commission intrusted with the duty of organizing the affair is M. Georges Berger, who is fortunately an artist as well as a man of business. Among the throng of sober engineers, lean professors, greedy patentees, and half-starved inventors, he will represent the world of men of the world.

Many of our readers know the building in which the exhibition will be held. The visitor to the electric exhibition will be carried to his destination by a railroad worked on the Siemens system. The road will be an elevated one on columns, which raise it above the heads of vehicles and pedestrians. The trains will consist of two cars and a small electrical machine, which will receive, by the rail itself, the electricity generated at the end of the line. The line will run from the second "Horse of Marly," and will enter the Palais de l'Industrie by the Clock Pavilion. Price of admission, one franc.

The visitor enters; in the nave of the edifice he sees a basin several yards square. In the basin there will be floating a miniature steamboat laying submarine cables. The manufacture of these cables will be seen in operation in an adjoining department. Next to it will be placed the contributions of the French government. It will exhibit all its electric and telegraphic apparatus, receivers, batteries, posts, insulators, and all the other hundred requisites of telegraphy, both for ordinary use and for military purposes. High above all will tower an immense light-house. It will be constructed from designs drawn by M. De Freycinet, the late minister, who is a most accomplished engineer, and is a model of the light-house at La Hève. The light will be one of the improved Serrin system.

By day a whole army of telegraphists and other employés will be at work. By night the scene will be illuminated by thousands of electric lights, in which every system will be represented. The lamps of Jablochkoff, Jamin, Werdermann, Siemens, Gramme, Lontin, Noaillon, Mertens, Suisse, Wilde, Brush, Swan, Edison, Hiram Maxim, Arnaud, Crompton, Brockie, will shine in generous rivalry, some in simple globes, others aided by the reflectors of Baliestrieri's system. The power for the dynamo-electric and magneto-electric machines will be supplied by an engine of fifteen horse-power. The five great railroad companies will exhibit their methods of starting and stopping trains, their electric brakes, and their methods of registering the speed of trains. Among these will be a car invented by MM. Deprez and Napoli, and used on the Great Eastern of France. This car registers the traction, the speed, the force of the wind, the expenditure of steam, and so forth. In the same part of the building will be seen various appliances for the transmission and distribution of electricity. The great problem of electric light, the French journals assert, has been solved satisfactorily by MM. Cabanellas, Hospitalier, and Deprez.

M. Berger, the director of the exhibition, is, we have said, an artist and a man of the world. He will therefore construct two salons for telephonic recitations. In one the visitor will be able to drop into an arm-chair and listen to what is being sung at the opera. To the other a wire from the Théâtre Français will convey the accents of Mlle. Croizette or M. Coquelin. Adjacent rooms will contain telephones enabling the visitor to converse with Lyons, Dijon, Orleans, Tours, and other cities.

M. Berger has gone a step further: he has determined to show what our houses will be when electricity has become an ordinary domestic appliance. He will arrange a suite of apartments which includes even a billiard-room. In the kitchen the heat for cookery will be furnished by electric currents passing through water; half a dozen cooks will prepare waffles *à l'électricité*, and metallic plates warmed by electric currents will keep them hot. In the dining-room there will be an electric dumb-waiter to bring up the dishes, in the salon there will be electric clocks and an electric piano, as well as one of Charpentier's melographes, which note down by electricity the improvisations of the performer. In the bedroom there are to be electric hair-brushes. In all the rooms the electric light will, in any case, be turned on when the door is opened. According to one veracious French journalist, there will be also electric chairs that will give the grand bounce to the bores who never will take leave of their hosts.

A very curious application has been made to the management of the exhibition. An optician has offered a high price for the exclusive right to sell blue spectacles in the building. The electric light, he argues, will be too dazzling for the naked eye.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE story of the so-called Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein is one in which an American heiress who would not be averse to sharing her fortune with one who would promise her a title of nobility—if there be any such American heiress—might find something of interest. When Prince Ludwig Sayn-Wittgenstein died, his widow, who was the daughter of a commoner—a Berlin banker named Lilienthal—continued to call herself Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. Prince Frederick of the same name brought suit against her to compel her to give up the title and the use of the armorial symbols. The Supreme Court of the empire, sitting in Leipsic, decided: (1) A marriage between a man of noble birth and a commoner's daughter may be a true marriage, but it is a *mésalliance*, consequently the woman retains her rank as a commoner; (2) A civil suit can be brought against her in case she should use the title or crest of a noble family; (3) Any member of the noble family whose title or crest is used by a commoner has the authority of bringing such a suit.

An English paper alludes to the United States as "a country where the dignitaries are not officials, however high, but railroad conductors and hotel clerks."

The husband of a deceased boarding-house keeper in Washington sent his pies to the table with mortuary emblems in frosting upon them, accompanied now and then by such sentiments as, "Not dead, but gone before."

A valued pointer-dog saw a parrot in the vines on a trellis around a house at which his master had called. The dog sprang up, "drew" on the parrot, "fastened," and remained as motionless as a statue, till the bird, with a contemptuous flirt of his feathers, screamed, "Go home, you fool!" The dog turned and ran, and has never been known to point a bird since.

The new regulation in Norfolk, Virginia, with regard to boot-blacks, requires that every one of them must be of good character—a requirement which would leave the making of regulations to other legislators, if it were always applied to the local law-makers.

A homeless man lay at the point of death recently in a farmer's house in Lower Merion township, Pennsylvania. An hour before his death he sent for an amanuensis to write his will. To the surprise of those around him, the vagrant bequeathed to various persons sums which aggregate between seven thousand and eight thousand dollars. After the will had been signed, a person in the room asked where the property could be found. The dying man whispered, with great difficulty, "Knickerbocker," and sank back dead. His name was Ryan.

Information is received, by the way of England, to the effect that because of the number of counterfeit Lord Ogilvies who have overrun the United States in recent years, the genuine nobleman of that title, now in this country, has come here "only to find that the Americans, much taken in by spurious Lord Ogilvies, are obstinately incredulous as to the identity of the real man, now that he is among them in the flesh."

A man died in Pennsylvania, not long ago, on whose life were insurances amounting to about three hundred thousand dollars. A local paper says: "Every company in the State, and some out of it, that would issue certificates on his life, were full on him. Speculators in this town alone held no less than seventy thousand dollars on his life. It isn't considered such horrid business any more to wait for dead men's shoes."

The prevalence of measles among the British aristocracy gave the English society journals a topic with which to tide over the dullest portion of the Lenten season.

They have a musical instrument in China called the *bira*, on which only mandarins are allowed to play. Now if only mandarins were permitted to play on hand-organs in this country, there would be less room for reform.

One divorce to eight marriages is the ratio in Chicago, and it is said that when a Chicagoan has acquired his seventh wife he becomes thoughtful and calculating.

A Boston young woman at a pantomime asked her escort which of the performers was the Clown and which was Trousers.

From a Russian newspaper of the year 1882: "The ruins of the palace are still smouldering. Twenty-five nozzles are playing on the débris. The safe can not be taken out before to-morrow night, but it is believed that the Czar will be found uninjured."

The Mayor of Burlington, Vermont, is paid $300 a year, and the liquor agent $600. He that ruleth the spirit is more appreciated than he who governs the city.

One of the many time-saving contrivances in use by the firemen of Cincinnati is an electric arrangement for snatching the coverlets from the sleeping men at the first stroke of the alarm-gong. Then they leap like flying-squirrels to the greased pole on which they slide to the ground-floor of the engine-house.

A man in Los Angeles, California, was put on trial before a jury for larceny. The county furnished him with an attorney and a stenographer free of charge. He testified in his own behalf, and was convicted. Then he insisted that his counsel should procure for him his legal fee as a witness, and he immediately rose in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen to the distinction of being the most "cheeky" man on the Pacific coast.

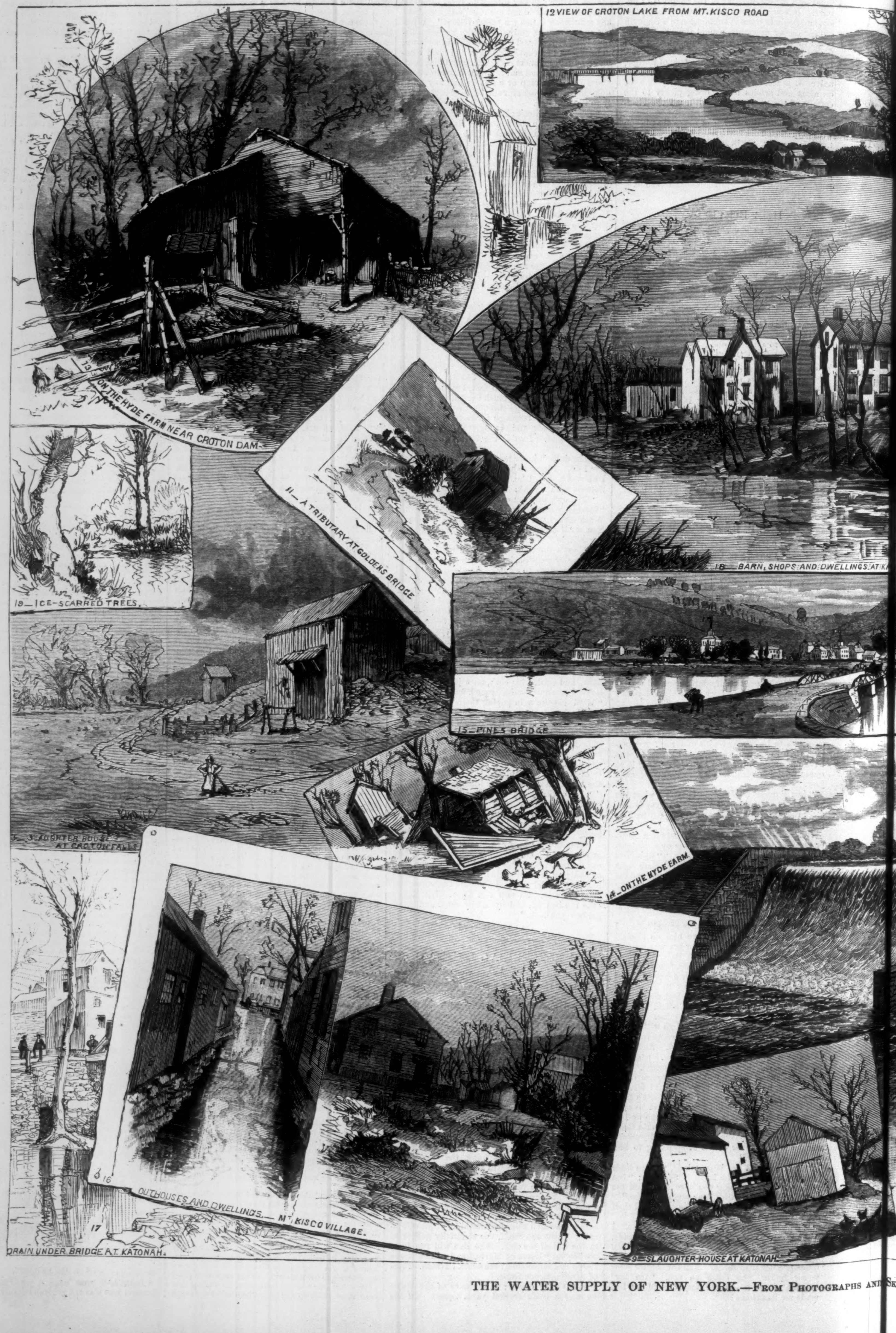
A man in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, loaded his gun to commit suicide, putting water in the barrel instead of a bullet. The gun was fired with the muzzle under his chin, and his head was terribly mutilated.

Three years ago the daughter of a wealthy physician in Murfreesborough, Tennessee, lost a valuable diamond ring while out riding. Her father was called recently to attend the child of a blacksmith, and while there he had occasion to mention his daughter's name. The blacksmith's wife recognized the name as that which was engraved within a ring which her husband had only a few days before found in the hollow of a horse's hoof while paring it to reset a shoe. The ring proved to be that of the physician's daughter, and only one small diamond was missing.

Here is a story which will be refreshing reading in this weather: A young Bohemian couple living near Glencoe, Iowa, met with a peculiar experience during the great snow-storms of last March. They were domiciled in a little shanty under the hill, which was covered in a snow-drift, and the husband dug his way out and went over to one of the neighbors'. Another storm coming up, he was unable to find his way back, as nothing of the house could be seen. It was three days before they could find the house, which was finally done by sounding with a pole. They dug through the drift, and found the young wife as comfortable as could be expected for a girl just married and her husband gone. A somewhat similar experience is related of Gus Drahos and Herman Kloke, of West Point, during the same storm. They were driving around in the drifts, when to their surprise one of their horses stepped plump into the top of a chimney. On proceeding to investigate, they found a house under it, and a family living in it as snug as you please. They hadn't seen daylight for a week, but were making the best of the situation.

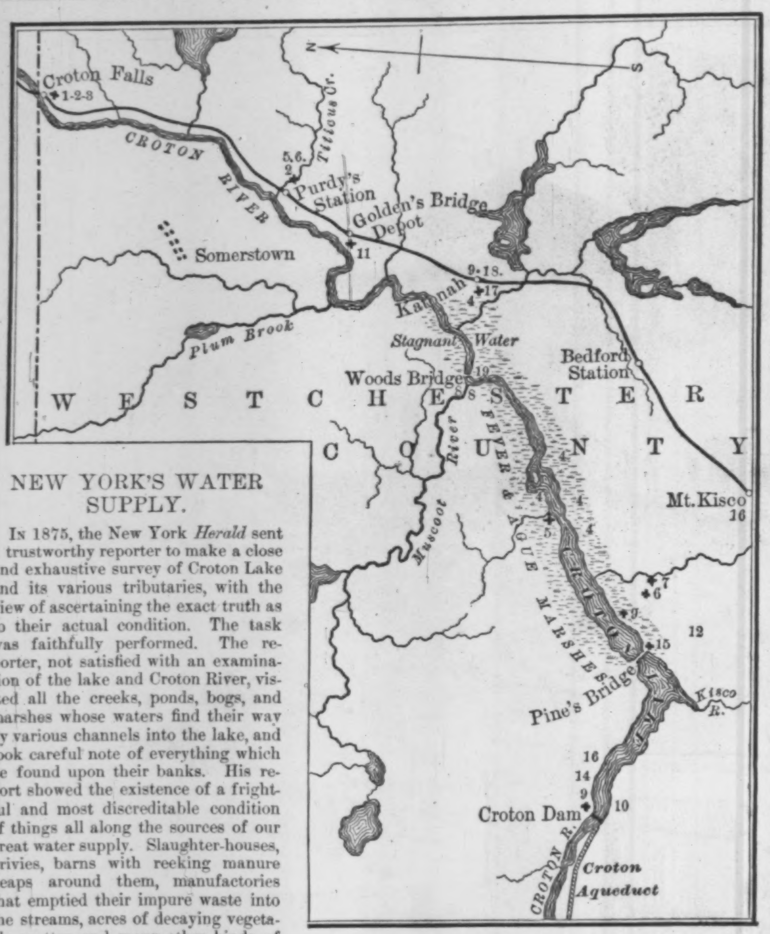
IN A QUANDARY.

"Garfield—it must be—and yet—Conkling— By thunder! WHO WAS IT I ELECTED PRESIDENT, anyway?"



THE WATER SUPPLY OF NEW YORK.—From Photographs and Sketch

Sketches in the Croton Water-Shed by our Special Artist.—[See Page 350.]



CROTON LAKE AND SOME OF ITS SOURCES.

NEW YORK'S WATER SUPPLY.

In 1875, the New York *Herald* sent a trustworthy reporter to make a close and exhaustive survey of Croton Lake and its various tributaries, with the view of ascertaining the exact truth as to their actual condition. The task was faithfully performed. The reporter, not satisfied with an examination of the lake and Croton River, visited all the creeks, ponds, bogs, and marshes whose waters find their way by various channels into the lake, and took careful note of everything which he found upon their banks. His report showed the existence of a frightful and most discreditable condition of things all along the sources of our great water supply. Slaughter-houses, privies, barns with reeking manure heaps around them, manufactories that emptied their impure waste into the streams, acres of decaying vegetable matter, and many other kinds of nuisances were found, and their location exactly noted down. His report was published, with a map showing the places where these nuisances were observed.

Of course the cry was raised that this was a "newspaper sensation," that the condition of things in the Croton region was grossly exaggerated, and that there was nothing at which to be alarmed. But the report created an uneasy feeling that all was not right with our water supply, and no assurances, even when supported by high scientific authority, that the Croton water was perfectly pure and healthy, were sufficient to convince people that it was so, in face of the fact that the water had a nasty, fishy, and otherwise unpleasant taste, very unlike the quality of pure well or spring water. Still, people contented themselves with grumbling, disguised the taste of the water with ice, or purified it by means of filters. Latterly, however, the prospect of a hot and perhaps unhealthy summer, and the alarm occasioned by the terrible condition of our city streets, which may precipitate a pestilence upon us, have again aroused public anxiety in regard to the sources of our supply of water. The *Herald* has again sent correspondents over the ground, who find that the same nuisances which existed in 1875 remain undisturbed to-day, some of them in an exaggerated form.

"Seeing is believing," is an old saying; and in order to enable those who are still incredulous in regard to the existence of the nuisances complained of to form an opinion on the subject, HARPER'S WEEKLY recently sent an artist into the Croton region, with strict injunctions to make faithful and unexaggerated pictures of what he saw. The results of his observations will be found in the illustrations on our opening pages. It will be seen that they corroborate in every particular the unfavorable reports of newspaper correspondents, in spite of the denials of interested parties. His advent in the Croton region created great excitement among the villagers and farmers. They solemnly averred that there were no nuisances there, and that it would be a loss of time and strength to prosecute his search; nor was their solicitude dispelled when he assured them that as he was sent to depict the actual state of things, he would picture no nuisances that did not exist. By looking at the results of our artist's investigations, the reader will see that some people have very strange ideas as to what constitutes a nuisance.

The Croton lake and river, lying between hills that rise to a considerable height on either side, receive the drainage from the villages and farm-houses situated along their course. The shores are sedge-grown and marshy; and the little rivulets that trickle down the hill-sides bear with them the drainage from out-houses, pig-pens, and barn-yards of the most filthy and repulsive description; and along the other tributaries to the lake the condition of things is even worse. The following are some of the delectable sights observed by our artist:

Sketches 1, 2, and 3 show the slaughter-house at Croton Falls. It is one of the worst nuisances on the river. Situated on the river-bank, this slaughter-house is a never-failing source of corruption to the water. The building stands about ten feet above the river, its yards and drains sending their drippings down the short slope, which is simply a manure-heap, soggy with blood, and covered with rotting flesh. The sand to the water's edge was stained with blood when our artist visited the place, and the shore was covered with decayed vegetable matter. The slaughter-house has a board flooring roughly laid, with wide spaces between the planks. When an animal is killed, the blood flows through these spaces, and drips into a trough, the overflow of which has formed a festering pool of blood. Shapeless masses of decayed flesh and bone lay half submerged in this, and in the neighboring meadows along the river-bank are more fragments of animals dragged out and left by the village dogs.

No. 4 will give the reader an idea of the swampy marshes that skirt the shores of the lake. Nos. 5 and 6 show the buildings at Purdy's Station, where the Croton is subjected to another nuisance in the form of a condensed milk factory, which, while it is as clean as such a place can be made, contributes not a little of the refuse and dirt that infect the waters of the river. No. 7 shows a ruined dam on the Kisco River, where a large amount of decaying vegetable matter has accumulated. Here the river-bed is obstructed by muck to the depth of at least five feet. No. 8, a sketch taken on the Muscoot River, gives a specimen of the heaps of débris left by the freshets along the shores of the streams in the Croton region.

Within a quarter of a mile of the mouth of Cross River, which empties into the Croton a mile above the lake, is situated the village of Katonah. Here (we quote from the *Herald* report) "the general appearance of the water as it slowly moves through the village is repulsive enough without pursuing an inquiry as to the cause. The surface of the river is plentifully sprinkled with all manner of rubbish and garbage, which is dumped down the steep banks on the east side, tumbling into the river, and all this trash is ornamented with a yellowish-white foam such as is always seen on filthy water. The color of the water itself is as nearly the appearance of tobacco juice as anything that it can be compared to.... Returning down stream, the first nuisance noticed was what is called a 'barley grain pit,' owned by WILLIAM NELSON. This is a pit on the bank of the river for the reception of the malt feed sent from New York breweries to dairy-farms, upon which to feed milch cows. This stuff is unloaded from railroad cars into this pit, which is covered with a board roof.... The stench around this pit, even in this mild weather, is very offensive. It is so offensive, in fact, that every family residing in the neighborhood is afflicted with malaria and other diseases of a kindred type.

"A hundred yards below this pit is a barn-yard, for one side of which the bank of the river forms the boundary. Piled up higher than a man's head are probably ten tons of manure. It is right on the very edge of the river-bank, some of it constantly tumbling into the river. The barn-yard slopes abruptly down toward the river, so that every particle of drainage from the stables and yard goes immediately into the river. Between this point and the lower end of the village there are five large stables and a cattle-yard, whose drainage goes into the river direct. In addition to this, the sewage of the whole village flows into the river, several of the privies in the lower part of the village being built over the stream. About a quarter of a mile from the mouth of Cross River is a grist-mill and a spectacle factory, built on the river-bank. The closets of this mill and factory are just across the road, within a hundred feet of the stream. The knowledge that the filth just enumerated runs into the river is sufficient to disgust anybody with the water; but when to all this is added the awfully disgusting knowledge that the drainage of a slaughter-house also runs into it, the human stomach can no longer behave itself."

This slaughter-house is shown in sketch No. 9; in No. 17, a drain under a bridge at the same place, emptying into the stream; and in No. 18, the collection of barns, shops, dwellings, and out-houses referred to above, situated directly on its banks, and contributing their full quota of filth and refuse.

Passing sketches 10, 11, and 12, which sufficiently explain themselves, we come to the HYDE farm, shown in Nos. 13 and 14. The buildings are situated on the lake shore, and they are now in the same condition as when described by a *Herald* reporter in 1875. Close by these buildings flows a noisome ditch of very respectable dimensions that passes through a sort of gulch filled with undergrowth weeds, manure, mud, and slime under a small wooden bridge to a hollow in a bend a few feet above the lake. In this hollow has accumulated every species of rural dirt, and when it is stirred up, the stench arising from it is intolerable. Where the stream, just after passing through the gulch and garbage heap, enters the lake, there is an offensive marsh—stagnant, and covered with a green scum. The out-houses of this place, situated only two hundred feet from the lake shore, and draining into it, are in the most filthy condition imaginable. There are also two old and dilapidated barns on a brook about five hundred feet from the shore, with their usual accompaniments of manure-heaps, muck, and other nuisances, the drainage of which finds its way into the lake.

The village of Pine's Bridge, pictured in No. 15, is situated directly on the lake. It is a beautiful, cleanly place, as our sketch shows; but the question that interests New-Yorkers is, where does its drainage go? Clearly it can not flow over the hills that bound the village on one side. Even if there are no drains leading directly into the lake, the waste of the village, with all its impurities, must in one way or another mingle with its waters. And this is true of every village and hamlet along the banks of the many tributaries to the lake. The only outlet to their waste is into the water which New-Yorkers are compelled to drink. It is true of hundreds of farm-houses built near the streams. In many instances our artist found little rivulets running through manure-heaps, turbid with filth of every kind, emptying into streams which in turn empty into the Croton. In some places he found groups of cattle standing in these streams: pleasant for the cattle, no doubt, but not for those who drink the water which they defile. It is proper to say here that the upper branches of the Croton, Muscoot, and Cross rivers were not explored for want of time; but all accounts agree that similar abuses to those depicted by our artist exist on all tributaries to the Croton. Our artist made over fifty sketches, from which we have selected the most typical. The others show abuses of the same general character.

How the abuses which exist in various parts of the Croton water-shed may be abated is a question of great difficulty, but it is one which must be grappled with at once with energy and determination. It concerns directly the health and life of our citizens. Why should not the temperance societies, that insist upon a water beverage only, take it up with the vigor with which they pursue the sale of intoxicating drinks, and commence an energetic campaign in the interest of pure water for all?

ENEMIES OF BOOKS.

OWNERS of books are accustomed to look upon them as treasures which moth and rust do not corrupt, and which, as a general thing, thieves do not break through and steal. That valuable literary works have, however, a way of passing out of existence is well known to scholars and the reading public generally, and recently an English author, Mr. William Blades, has issued a pleasant little volume, entitled *The Enemies of Books*, enumerating the various agents of destruction which do their part toward reducing the literary wealth of the world, and describing the manner in which the deplorable work is accomplished. Fire, water, gas, and heat, dust, neglect, and ignorance, are described as active foes of books; not to mention what they suffer from the insect world, and at the hands of ruthless human beings.

Greater destruction has undoubtedly been wrought among books by fire than through any other agency. The bare names of the numerous libraries and bibliographical treasures which in one way or another have been seized by the fire-king as his own would make a tedious list. Chance conflagrations, fanatic incendiarism, judicial bonfires, and even household stoves, have time after time thinned the treasures as well as the rubbish of past ages, until probably not one-thousandth part of the books that *have been* are still extant. Among the earliest records of the wholesale destruction of books is that narrated by St. Luke, when, after the preaching of Paul, many of the Ephesians "which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." Books in those early times, whether orthodox or heterodox, appear to have had a precarious existence. The heathens, at each fresh outbreak of persecution, burned all the Christian writings they could find, and the Christians, when they got the upper hand, retaliated with interest upon the pagan literature. The discovery of printing made the entire destruction of any author's works much more difficult, so quickly and so extensively did books spread through all lands. On the other hand, as books multiplied, so did destruction go hand in hand with production, and soon printed books were doomed to suffer in the same penal fires that up to then had been fed on MSS. only. At the time of the Reformation in England a great destruction of books took place. At the great fire of London in 1666, the number of books burned was enormous. Not only in private houses and corporate and church libraries were priceless collections reduced to cinders, but an immense stock of books, removed from Paternoster Row by the stationers for safety, was burned to ashes in the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral. During the war between France and Prussia the magnificent library of Strasbourg was burned by the shells of the German army. Seldom, indeed, have Mars and Pluto had so dainty a sacrifice offered at their shrines, for over all the din of battle, and the reverberation of monster artillery, the burning leaves of the first printed Bible and many another priceless volume were wafted into the sky, the ashes floating for miles on the heated air, and carrying to the astonished countryman the first news of the devastation of his capital.

Next to fire must be ranked water in its two forms, liquid and vapor, as the greatest destroyer of books. Thousands of volumes have been actually drowned at sea, and no more heard of them than of the sailors to whose charge they were committed. Disraeli narrates that about the year 1700, Heer Hudde, an opulent burgomaster of Middelburg, travelled for thirty years disguised as a mandarin throughout the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire. Everywhere he collected books, and his extensive literary treasures were at length safely shipped for transmission to Europe; but, to the irreparable loss of his native country, they never reached their destination, the vessel having foundered in a storm. In 1785 died the famous Maffei Pinelli, whose library was celebrated throughout the world. It had been collected by the Pinelli family during many generations, and comprised an extraordinary number of Greek, Latin, and Italian works, many of them first editions, beautifully illuminated, together with numerous MSS. dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. The whole library was sold by the executors to Mr. Edwards, bookseller, of Pall Mall, who placed the volumes in three vessels for transport from Venice to London. Pursued by corsairs, one of the vessels was captured, but the pirates, disgusted at not finding any treasure, threw all the books into the sea. The other two vessels escaped, and delivered their freight safely, and in 1789–90 the books which had been so near destruction were sold at the great room in London for more than $45,000. These pirates were more excusable than Mohammed II., who, upon the capture of Constantinople in the fifteenth century, after giving up the devoted city to be sacked by his licentious soldiers, ordered the books in all the churches, as well as the great library of the Emperor Constantine, containing 120,000 MSS., to be thrown into the sea. In the shape of rain, water has frequently caused irreparable injury to books. In the form of vapor it is a great enemy of books, the damp attacking both outside and inside. Outside, it fosters the growth of a white mould, or fungus, which vegetates upon the edges of the leaves, upon the sides, and in the joints of the binding. Inside the book, damp encourages the growth of those ugly brown spots which so often disfigure prints and *livres de luxe*.

Gas, generally supposed to be a harmless and invaluable servant to man, does great mischief in libraries. The sulphur of the fumes is exceedingly destructive to leather. It attacks morocco first, calf and russia leather suffering not quite so much. It is much easier to decry gas than to find a remedy. Sun-lights require especial arrangements, and are very expensive on account of the quantity of gas consumed. The library illumination of the future promises to be the electric light. If only steady, and moderate in price, it would be a great boon to public libraries. Heat alone, even without any noxious fumes, is, if continuous, very injurious to books, and, without gas, bindings may be utterly destroyed by desiccation. It is therefore a great pity to place books high up in a room where heat of any kind is used, for it must rise to the top, and if sufficient to be of comfort to the readers below, is certain to be hot enough above to injure the bindings. If any credence may be given to monkish legends, books have sometimes been preserved in this world only to meet a desiccating fate in the world to come. In the year 1439, one story runs, two Minorite monks, who had all their lives collected books, died. In accordance with popular belief, they were at once conducted before the heavenly tribunal to hear their doom. They took with them two asses laden with books. At heaven's gate the porter demanded, "Whence come ye?" The Minorites replied, "From a monastery of St. Francis." "Oh!" said the porter, "then St. Francis shall be your judge." So that saint was summoned, and at sight of the monks and their burden he demanded who they were, and why they had brought so many books with them. "We are Minorite monks," they humbly replied, "and we have brought a few books with us as a solace in the New Jerusalem." "And you, when on earth, practiced the good they teach?" sternly demanded the saint, who read their characters at a glance. Their faltering reply was sufficient, and the saint at once passed judgment as follows: "Insomuch as, seduced by a foolish vanity, and against your vows of poverty, you have amassed this multitude of books, and thereby and therefor have neglected the duties and broken the rules of your order, you are now sentenced to read your books for ever and ever in the fires of hell." Immediately a roaring noise filled the air, and a flaming chasm opened, in which monks and asses and books were suddenly ingulfed.

Ignorance, though not in the same category as fire and water, is a great destroyer of books. At the Reformation, so strong was the antagonism of the people generally to anything like the old idolatry of the Romish Church, that they destroyed by thousands books, secular as well as sacred, if they contained but illuminated letters. Unable to read, they saw no difference between a romance and a psalter, between King Arthur and King David, and so the paper books, with all their

artistic ornaments, went to the bakers to heat their ovens, and the parchment manuscripts, however beautifully illuminated, to the binders and boot-makers. In the Lansdowne Collection at the British Museum is a volume containing three manuscript dramas of Queen Elizabeth's time, on a fly-leaf of which occurs the following note, in the handwriting of the well-known antiquarian Warburton. "After I had been many years collecting these Manuscript Playes, through my own carelessness and the ignorance of my servant they was unluckily burned, or put under pye-bottoms." Some of these "Playes" are preserved in print, but others are quite unknown, and perished forever when used as "pye-bottoms."

One of the most determined foes of books is the bookworm—the insect, not the student. Mr. Blades was anxious to collect a few bookworms to exhibit at the Caxton Celebration, but he might as well have tried to display a few ghosts in a glass case. As in the matter of ghosts, Mr. Blades could find no witness who had actually seen a bookworm. Their works are manifest to all, and the neat round holes they drill from cover to cover of a volume are absolutely irreparable. Mentzelius maintained that he had heard the bookworm carol to its mate, but Mentzelius has been dead these many years, and he may have been the victim of some hallucination. All apparitions, it is an axiom of science, are hallucinations, and why not all bookworms? The bookworm, according to Mentzelius, carries a gray crest, and when it calls its mate it claps its wings with a loud rattle. If this be true, the term "worm" seems a misnomer. No one who has not had an opportunity of examining old libraries can have any idea of the dreadful havoc which these pests are capable of making. Most of the books of the present day enjoy an immunity from the bookworm. One result of the extensive adulteration of modern paper is that the worm will not touch it. His instinct forbids him to eat the china clay, the bleaches, the plaster of Paris, the sulphate of barytes, and scores of adulterants now used to mix with the fibre, and, so far, the wise pages of the old literature are, in the race against time with the modern rubbish, heavily handicapped. Thanks to the general interest taken in old books nowadays, the worm has hard times of it, and but slight advantage of that quiet neglect which is necessary to his existence. So much greater is the reason why some patient entomologist should, while there is the chance, take upon himself to study the habits of this creature, as Sir John Lubbock has those of the ant.

Mr. Blades is exceedingly severe upon book-binders. He denounces them as being among the worst foes of books. They can not leave off cutting down margins until they have cut into the actual text; they hate fly-leaves, and are the sworn enemies of title-pages. Upon the book-stealer, however, he is not in the least severe. There are a few other writers who make up for his mildness; but, as a general thing, the book-stealer is charitably handled. In old times the French did not say "un voleur de livres," but "un chipeur de livres," as the papers call lady shop-lifters "kleptomaniacs." There are distinctions. M. Jules Janin mentions a great Parisian bookseller who had an amiable weakness. He was a biblio-kleptomaniac. His first notion, when he saw a book within reach, was to put it in his pocket. Every one knew his habit, and when a volume was lost at a sale, the auctioneer duly announced it, and knocked it down to the enthusiast, who regularly paid the price. When he went to a private view of books about to be sold, the officials at the door would ask him, as he was going out, if he did not happen to have an Elzevir Horace or an Aldine Ovid in his pocket. Then he would search these receptacles, and exclaim: "Yes, yes, here it is; so much obliged to you! I am so absent!" M. Janin mentions an English noble, a "Sir Fitzgerald," who had the same tastes, but who unluckily fell into the hands of the police. Many eminent characters have been biblioklepts. When Innocent X. was still Monsignor Pamphilio, he stole a book—so says Tallemant des Réaux—from Du Monstier, the painter. The amusing thing is that Du Monstier himself was a book-thief. Among royal persons, Catherine de Medicis, according to Brantôme, was a biblioklept. "The Marshal Strozzi had a very fine library, and after his death the queen-mother seized it, promising some day to pay the value to his son, who never got a farthing of the money." The Ptolemies, too, were thieves on a large scale. A department of the Alexandrian Library was called "The Books from the Ships," and was filled with rare volumes stolen from passengers in vessels that touched at the port. The most remarkable of biblioklepts was a Spanish priest, Don Vincente, of the convent of Pobla, in Aragon. When the Spanish revolution despoiled the convent libraries, Don Vincente established himself at Barcelona, near the stalls of the booksellers. In a gloomy cell he stored up the treasures he hated to sell. Once he was present at an auction where he was outbid in the competition for a rare (perhaps a unique) volume. Three nights after that the people of Barcelona were awakened by cries of "Fire!" The house and shop of the man who had bought *Ordinacions per los gloriosos reys de Arago* were blazing. Time went on, and week by week the police found the bodies of slain men, now in the street, now in a ditch, now in the river. There were young men and old. All had been harmless and inoffensive in their lives, and all had been bibliophiles. An organized search was made in the city, and the shop of Don Vincente was examined. Books were found belonging to the murdered men. Don Vincente confessed his crimes. He had strangled his rival, stolen the *Ordinacions*, and burned the house. The slain men were people who had bought from him books which he really could not bear to part with.

Among the involuntary enemies of books may be reckoned people who have swallowed them. Ezekiel is the earliest and most notorious example of a book-eater. The Tartars, who (according to Busbequius) eat books in order that they may "inwardly digest" and master their contents, can not be called the friends of literature. When Urban V. was young, the Duke of Milan made him eat an apostolic letter of Pope Innocent IV. Fulgosius tells us, "He made him swallow the Pope's letter which he carried—a thing undoubtedly most proud and insolent." The author of *Dania ad exteros de perfidiis Suecorum*, a quarto volume published in 1643, was given the choice of being decapitated or of eating his own book. He chose the latter, in soup. Isaac Volmar was compelled by one of the Dukes of Saxony to eat his own libels. Fish have eaten books, and in 1662 fragments of a work by John Fryth were found in the stomach of a chub. A certain tribe in Central Asia once possessed a sacred book, but a cow ate it. The poll-book, after an Irish election, "fell into the broth, and it was eaten by a dog"—or so witnesses declared to a Parliamentary Commission. Process-servers in Ireland have devoured a good deal of manuscript, but processes can scarcely be called literature. Nelson once threatened to make a French admiral eat his own dispatches, but he never had the luck to catch this falsifier of history.

Considering the manifold dangers to which books are exposed, the safest way to treat them is, perhaps, as parents do their children. These are sure to sicken if confined in an atmosphere which is impure, too hot, too cold, too damp, or too dry. They may also be burned, drowned, eaten by wild animals, and kidnapped by gypsies. From what we have seen, the same fate lies in wait for the exposed and neglected book. Those who have the guardianship of literary treasures ought, then, to exercise something of the same care over them that it takes to keep small members of the human family alive and in good order.

THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK.

IF New York be the chief seat of commerce in the Western world, it is not in consequence, but in spite, of the arrangements to invite commerce, and make it easy and profitable. Her defects in this regard are an incalculable but enormous and inevitable tax on the business done within her borders, and her merchants are now face to face with the problem whether they can afford to be thus handicapped in the race with other cities. New York owes her present commercial supremacy to the Hudson River and the Erie Canal, opening up an easy and cheap waterway through the Appalachian ranges, which everywhere else presented a difficult barrier between the denser population of the sea-board, with the European markets beyond the seas, and the vast productive areas of the West. The start thus gained before the railway came to rival the waterway, and to conquer routes that will ultimately be the best, has never yet been overcome; but the advantage it conferred has been perceptibly lessened, and may be lost.

Among the most threatening obstacles to continued prosperity is the condition of the wharves and docks of New York and their approaches. The water-front of New York is unequalled along the Atlantic coast of America, if not in the world. It is estimated at not less than forty miles, if we include the entire available shore of the port district as defined by the customs laws of the United States, and this vast line surrounds an absolutely safe harbor, readily made accessible to vessels of the largest draught. Yet on this marvellous shore-line the only considerable docks, such as the Erie Docks, are not within the city of New York, and are comparatively remote from its railway dépôts. The water-front of New York proper is fringed with a series of antiquated wooden piers and bulk-heads, crumbling with neglect, and broken at frequent intervals by the annual devastations of the ice. Here and there these docks assume a comparatively solid form, where they are occupied by the more considerable steam-ship lines; but even in these cases they are covered with flimsy sheds of wood, or at best of "corrugated iron," wholly inadequate to resist any of the conflagrations invited by the inflammable nature of much of the freight stored beneath them. Apart from these provisions for certain continuous lines of traffic, the facilities for the safe dockage of general trade, of steamers and sailing vessels from all parts of the coast and of the world, are ridiculously insufficient.

It frequently happens that hundreds of vessels are anchored in the waters of the harbor, their owners or masters impatiently awaiting, at great cost, a chance to unload the cargoes which are, in fact, the very life-blood of commerce, the vital source of the city's continued prosperity and growth. The spectacle of this vast and varying fleet riding at anchor in a harbor of practically unlimited extent, incurring an expense of time and money measured annually by millions, every dollar of which is a direct tax on the business of the city, is one that may well humiliate and discourage the intelligent business men of the city.

To the absurdly scant and poor provision for miscellaneous commerce—in which lie the greatest possibilities of growth—must be added the condition of the approaches to those docks that we actually have. These are such as the decaying cities of the Eastern Mediterranean should be ashamed of. From the Battery to the extreme northern limit of the river-side streets on the East and North rivers there is scarcely a rod of really good pavement, while there are miles on miles over which trucks are drawn through ruts and holes and slippery rails and broken stones, that add at least one-third to the cost of cartage. And this is as true of the approaches to the better and covered docks of the transatlantic steam-ship companies, or to those of the railway companies, as it is of the approaches to the quarters devoted to canal-boats, oyster-boats, or ice-barges. Everywhere neglect, confusion, dirt, and obstruction impose their absurd, unnecessary, and relentless tax on the general traffic of the great city. In addition, again, to these disadvantages must be reckoned the insecurity of our wharves. This, under an improved harbor police, is not so great as it was a few years since, but it is still not unusual for the adroit river pirates to steal in under the break-down docks, and get away the contents of a cask of brandy or a hogshead of sugar without being detected.

For the wretched accommodations which are thus provided for commerce in New York the charges to ship-owners are relatively extravagant. They exceed those made in other cities of our own country, and by far those of foreign cities for much better provision. Quarantine fees, harbor-master's fees, inspection fees, and a multitude of small charges, to say nothing of illegal exactions, all go to hamper trade. Who can doubt that the sum of all these exactions, defects, delays, and inconveniences forms a dead-weight on the progress of the city?

If we ask what is the primary cause of this state of things, the detailed answer would be too long and too complicated to set down here. But the general answer is not far to seek. It is that the affairs of the city are managed with reference to the profit, the power, and the patronage they yield to politicians of both parties, rather than to the needs and interests of the city itself. Money is not wanting, nor legal authority. What is wanting is defined responsibility in the principal offices, and a system of subordinate civil service in which admission and promotion shall depend on merit alone, and in which the tenure shall be reasonably stable. "All roads," said the old maxim, "lead finally to Rome;" and these multiform evils, abuses, and costly hinderances to prosperity must finally be removed by a rational and business-like civil service.

THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD.

ON Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., took place the first performance of Sophocles's *Œdipus the King*, at Sanders's Theatre, in Cambridge. This theatre is a part of the building erected to commemorate the bravery of those who went from Harvard to die in the war of the rebellion. There could hardly be a place better planned than is Sanders's Theatre for bringing out a Greek tragedy, and there are few colleges where there is more of genuine enthusiasm for the masterpieces of the Greek stage than exists at Harvard. In preparing the play, those members of the College Faculty who undertook it have not only had the ready support of the undergraduates who have so well justified by their acting their selection for the principal parts, but the College Glee Club has not hesitated to devote the whole year to the study of the difficult music composed for the *Œdipus* by Professor Paine. In this music Professor Paine has most brilliantly interpreted, as far as the complex organization of the modern orchestra and the requirements of modern part-singing allow, the noble simplicity of Sophocles's choral odes. In the overture and postlude the composer has surpassed himself, and all who were present agreed in pronouncing this latest work of Professor Paine his best work. The leading part of Œdipus proved too long for the capacities even of the most willing undergraduate, and it is most fortunate that Mr. George Riddle, of the class of 1874, and now a most successful instructor in elocution, consented to undertake it, since his acting has shown his exceptional fitness for it. The architects whose prophetic skill had already contrived a Greek theatre for the performance, were led by a generous devotion to their *Alma Mater* to complete their work by erecting on the stage a scene representing the front of Œdipus's palace at Thebes, and by transforming the floor of the theatre into an "orchestra," or "dancing-place," for the dramatic chorus. It was not, however, found advisable or practicable to have the chorus attempt any dances there.

In providing for the needed costumes, the committee had the same good fortune that favored them in arranging for the stage decorations, for another graduate of the College, the well-known artist Mr. F. D. Millet, lent them his skill. The remarkable effectiveness of the result may best be learned from the representations of actors and costumes given below.

The plot of Sophocles's *Œdipus the King* is more skillfully elaborated and effectively planned than that of any Greek play now known. All the improbabilities contained in the story of Œdipus are already in the past when the play begins. The story runs as follows: Laius and Jocasta, the King and Queen of Thebes, try to cheat of its fulfillment the prophecy that their new-born son Œdipus is to murder his father and marry his mother, by exposing him to certain death. The child is rescued, and Polybus, King of Corinth, rears Œdipus as his own son. When at Delphi, Œdipus hears the fatal oracle, and avoiding Corinth and his supposed father Polybus, unwittingly slays his real father Laius. Œdipus then delivers Thebes from the Sphinx, and is rewarded with the kingdom and the hand of the Queen, Jocasta, his real mother. Soon a pestilence wastes the land of Thebes, and with the alarm caused by this begins the action of the play.

Turning to the representation in Sanders's Theatre: at the close of Mr. Paine's overture a procession of suppliants, headed by the Theban priest, marches in. These are come to sit at the gates of Œdipus, and to call for his aid.

Œdipus comes from the palace, in kingly robes and crowned. He has sent Creon, Jocasta's brother, to Delphi. Creon returns with word from the oracle that the murderer of Laius must be found and punished. The dramatic chorus of fifteen aged Thebans enter the orchestra as soon as the suppliants leave the stage, and sing a hymn of supplication. In the orchestra they then remain as Œdipus's advisers until the end. To find out the murderer, the aged seer Tiresias is sent for, and as the climax, in an impressive scene with Œdipus, Tiresias reveals that Œdipus is the murderer. Œdipus suspects a plot formed by Creon, with Tiresias as his accomplice. Then a stormy dialogue between Œdipus and Creon is interrupted by the entrance of Queen Jocasta, who seeks to reconcile her husband and her brother.

Gradually, from the revelations of a messenger from Corinth, and of the shepherd to whom Jocasta long ago had given her new-born child, first to Jocasta and then to Œdipus becomes plain the horrible accomplishment of the ancient prophecy. All the horrors of Jocasta's suicide and of Œdipus's self-mutilation are soon related to the chorus by a servant from the palace, who has just witnessed them within. Œdipus returns; he has blinded his own eyes, and amid heart-rending lamentations, he begs Creon to allow him to bid farewell to his young daughters Antigone and Ismene. After embracing his children, the blind Œdipus is borne by his attendants into the palace. The stern religious moral which Sophocles brings out in the resistless march of this play is that crime demands punishment even if the wrong-doer be innocent.

The cast of the play was as follows:

Œdipus	Mr. George Riddle, '74.
Jocasta	Mr. Leonard Opdycke, '80.
Priest of Zeus	Mr. W. H. Manning, '82.
Creon	Mr. Henry Norman, '81.
Tiresias	Mr. Curtis Guild, '81.
Servant of Laius	Mr. G. M. Lane, '81.
First Messenger	Mr. A. W. Roberts, '81.
Second Messenger	Mr. Owen Wister, '82.
Leader of the dramatic chorus	Mr. L. B. McCagg, '84.

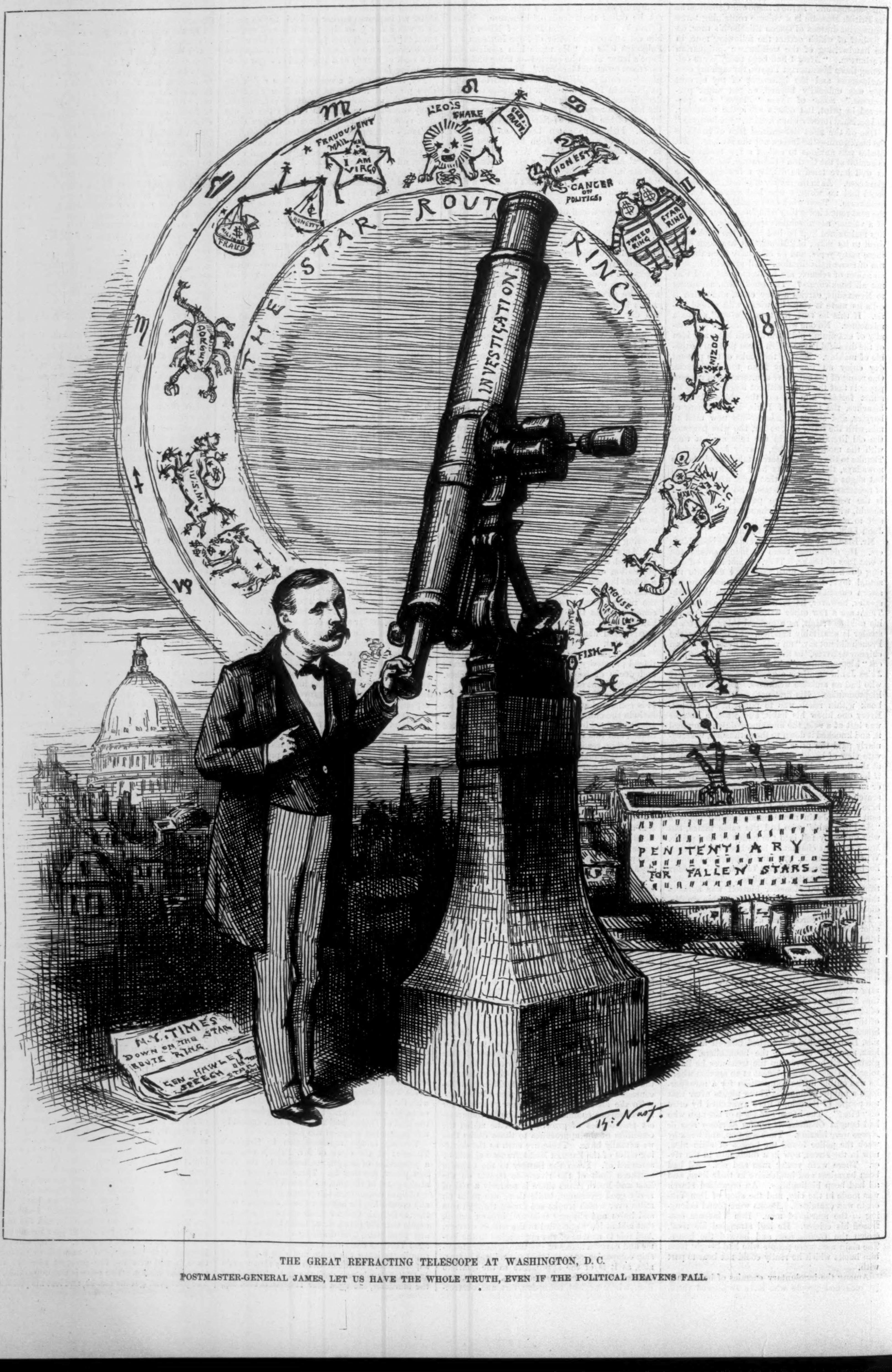
It is not uncommon to hear men say that tragedy makes too large demands upon their sympathies, and that when they go to the theatre they wish to be amused and not moved. The cares and misfortunes of real life, they say, are already more than man can bear, and therefore sorrow should be banished from the theatre, which is solely for amusement. If the performance at Cambridge has in the least helped to show how the theatre can be made to do something more than give us another way of killing time—if some of those who followed with interest the gradual fulfillment of Œdipus's fate felt that in the impression made upon them by Sophocles's portrayal of the full and rounded misfortunes of a heroic life, they have gained new light, which may guide them through misfortunes less complete in a life less exalted—then it may be true that even men unfamiliar with the stage have been successful by patient work and boundless zeal in the cause of the highest form of tragedy in doing something toward showing the true office of the drama, which purifies by its ennobling pity and terror the passions excited in all by conspicuous calamity.

STORIES OF PAINTERS.

LANDSEER possessed the gift of making off-hand sketches with marvellous skill and rapidity. Once he was kept for a few minutes at some door in Windsor Castle waiting the convenience of the Queen. To pass the time, he seized a pen, and dashed off two sketches of little dogs. And what little dogs! Not only as like as life, but full of quiet racy humor. One of them, seated on its haunches, has a suppliant look, and holds in its mouth a card inscribed with the name "E. Landseer." The other looks to the door, listening eagerly for some footstep to assure him that he has not been quite forgotten. We don't know whether Sir Edwin was kept waiting at doors in Windsor Castle after he executed these symbolical works. On another occasion her Majesty asks him to give her some idea of the hippopotamus which had just arrived at the Zoological Gardens. He scrawls and blots on a piece of paper for five or ten minutes, and hands to the Queen what he has produced.

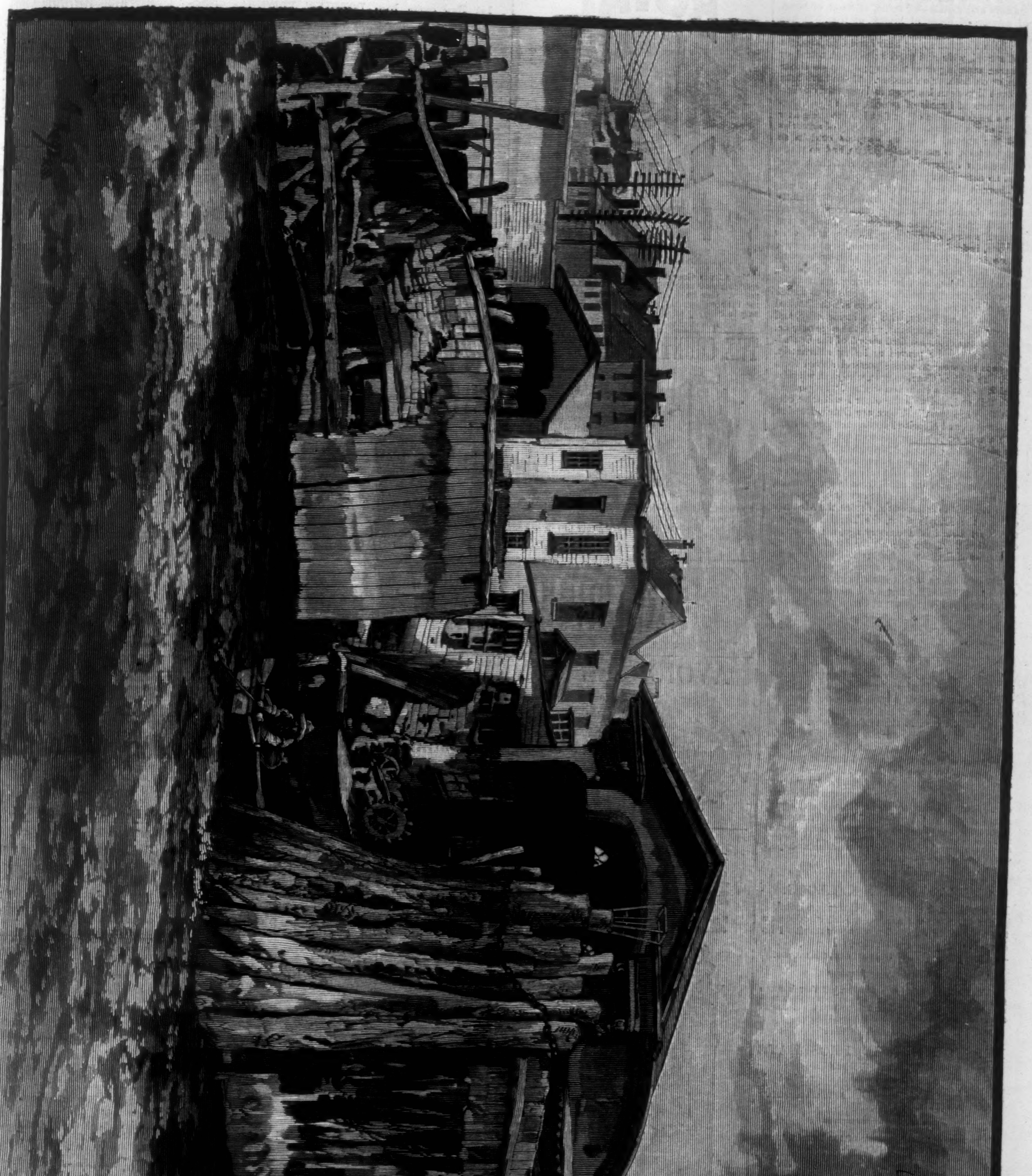
It is told of Turner that he did not consider his labors over when he had sent in his pictures to the exhibitions; he would wait till the hangers had done their work, and then on the varnishing-day would, by a few magical touches, so alter the tone of his work that all the neighboring canvases looked like foils carefully arranged to set off this one particular picture in the whole room. "He has been here, and fired off a gun," said Constable, on one occasion, when he found that the introduction at the last moment of a piece of scarlet about the size of a shilling into a gray sea-piece of Turner's had completely killed the color of his own picture, which represented a pageant of boats at the opening of Waterloo Bridge. On the opposite wall there hung in that same exhibition a picture of "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the Fiery Furnace." Cooper, who was present, said to Constable, "A coal has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea."

Of the thirteen Murillos which Marshal Soult managed to collect in Spain, one of them, an "Immaculate Conception," at the Marshal's sale, in May, 1852, was bought by the French government for $117,000. We have an amusing story of the circumstances under which Soult secured his prize. In his pursuit of Sir John Moore he overtook two Capuchin friars, who turned out to be spies, as he suspected. On hearing that there were some fine Murillos in the convent to which they belonged, he ordered them to show him the way to it. Here he saw the Murillo in question, and offered to purchase it—all to no purpose, till the prior found that the only way to save the lives of his two monks was to come to terms. "But," said the prior, "we have had 100,000 francs offered for the picture." I will give you 200,000 francs," was the reply, and the bargain was concluded. "You will give me up my two brethren?" asked the prior. "Oh," said the Marshal, very politely, "if you wish to ransom them, it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet your wishes. The price is 200,000 francs." The poor prior got his monks, and lost his picture.



THE GREAT REFRACTING TELESCOPE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES, LET US HAVE THE WHOLE TRUTH, EVEN IF THE POLITICAL HEAVENS FALL.



THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK—THE OLD BRIDGE STREET FERRY SLIP.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 351.]

ANCIENT SWORDS.

THE sword has been made of many sorts of matters and metals—of stone, of wood, of bone, of copper, of brass, of bronze, of iron. It has assumed deviating shapes and profuse sizes; it has been short and long, heavy and light, straight and curved, wide and narrow; pointed, round, or square; tapering or expanding; sharp on either side, or on both, or on neither. There have been in each European language at least thirty different names of breeds of swords, from the horseman's huge *espadon* of six feet long to the garter stylet of six inches. The catalogues of armories and the special books on weapons contain so many details, so many descriptions, and so many distinctions of types and sects and characters, that no enthusiast can pretend to know them all.

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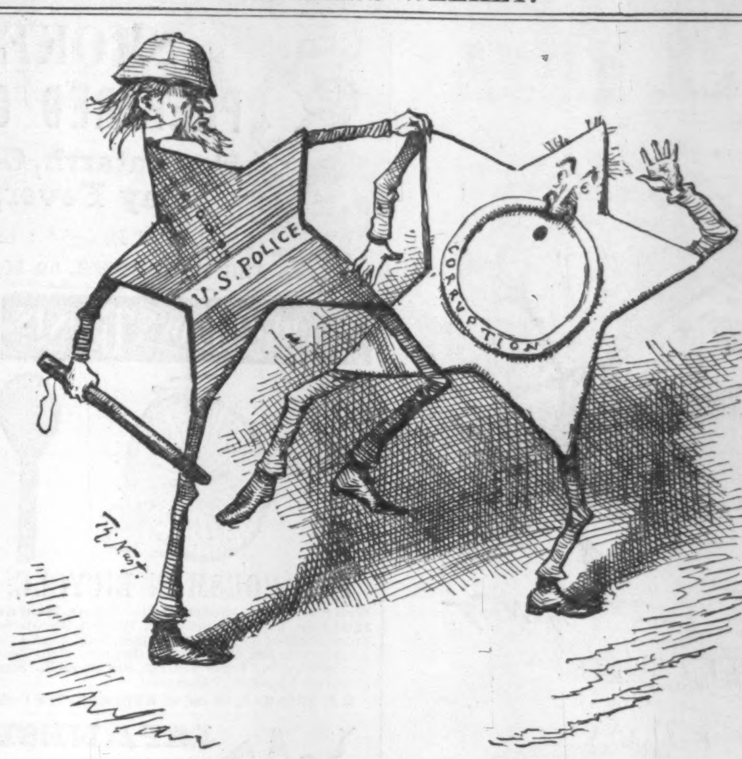

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